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THE VICEREGAL PROGRESS.

LORD NORTHBROOK has brought to a close his long progress by a visit to Bombay, and the record of the work he has done on his tour shows at once his great industry and ability, and the vast variety of difficult and complicated questions on which a Governor of India, who a year ago had no more notion that he would spend this Christmas in India than that he would spend it in Timbuctoo, may be called on to decide. So far as can be gathered from the brief summary of his doings forwarded to English journals, it may be confidently said that Lord NORTHBROOK has already done ample justice to the choice of the Government in appointing him Viceroy. The ceremonial part of his performance is not that of the highest importance, but it is one which strikes the native mind with disproportionate effect, and it is desirable that a Viceroy should not disappoint the expectations of Eastern spectators. It is therefore interesting to learn that, at one single levee out of many, Lord NORTHBROOK managed to make seven or eight hundred obeisances in a courtly manner, and that all observers agree in holding that he looks particularly well when dressed in white satin. It was not, however, possible that he should be himself content with this kind of success, and at Bombay he expressed a hope that something better had been left behind at the various places he visited than the memory of the balls and the fireworks with which his arrival was greeted. What the VICEROY on these progresses can practically do is to arrange some matters of State policy with the native princes for which a personal and confidential discussion is advisable, to determine the mode in which public works shall be carried out, to indicate the views of the Government on matters of minor or local importance, and to gain information and experience for himself by free communication with men of all ranks and nationalities. Thus, when visiting Scindia, he was able to come to an arrangement as to the organization of the military forces of the MAHARAJAH, and as to the succession to his office, his heir having engaged in a plot against him. He fixed the sites of forts, promised aid to a breakwater, settled how the works of a harbour and a canal were to be prosecuted, and announced that his personal experience had convinced him of the necessity of pushing on with all possible despatch the completion of the Indus Valley Railway. He expressed himself strongly in favour of decentralization, and of giving increased control over the revenues to the different Presidencies or other large districts; he was able to promise a steady remission of Imperial taxation, and he sketched the views of the Government on the very important question of the employment of natives in the higher offices of administration. The fruits of what he has seen and learnt for himself must be looked for in what he may do hereafter; but it is impossible that he should not have gained much benefit from personal contact with experienced officials and intelligent natives. He is universally allowed to be doing his work, so far as he has gone, with judgment and skill; and when once a Viceroy wins confidence and respect, he is sure to receive not only much information, but the best information they have to give him, from the numberless persons who are only too glad of an opportunity of making their wishes and opinions known at head-quarters.

But a Viceroy, although he is a new man, can only let his energies flow in an old groove. His work is cut out for him. He cannot be a great innovator, or make random and wholesale changes. The lines of Indian policy are fixed, and he can only walk in the paths of his predecessors. He may choose this or that site for a fort; but the general military system of India is not to be varied. Lord NORTHBROOK, for example, determined the site of the entrenched camp at Mool-

tan, but he of course only did so under professional advice; and probably when we hear of a Viceroy settling the position of a camp or a fort, nothing more is generally meant than that he acts the part of what DICKENS called the gentlemanly member of Parliament who takes a silver trowel and some mortar and initiates the building of a new town-hall. Even if the choice between two or more sites is nominally left open to him, it is not Lord NORTHBROOK or any one great person that decides on making Mooltan the base of Indian defence on the North-West. That our hold on India is to be maintained chiefly by the occupation of every means of defence, and not by operations beyond our frontiers, is as much beyond the region of change as that the advantages of such a strong situation as that of Mooltan cannot be neglected. In the same way Lord NORTHBROOK may give encouragement to some special educational work, or he may inquire into alleged grievances, and promise to improve the legal position of persons in some outlying district to which the whole body of Indian law does not apply. But the general policy of England with regard to the religion and education of the natives has been fixed for twenty years, if not more; and he is bound to let it be felt everywhere that the basis of our rule in India is a rigid and impartial adherence to law, and that he cannot go about like an Eastern potentate infringing maxims of law with impulsive benevolence. Lord NORTHBROOK is far too sensible a man not to realize the true character of his office, and he seems to have taken care that it should be known that the continuity of Indian policy neither can nor will suffer any breach under his Viceroyalty. It is only by keeping in mind that the VICEROY has a limited range of power and freedom, and by attaching the true amount of value and no more to the pageantry which attends his progress, that an accurate conception can be formed of the real extent of that field of usefulness which lies open to him as his stately procession rolls on from one centre of Indian life to another.

On one point we notice Lord NORTHBROOK's views with great satisfaction. An Act was passed not long ago permitting the Indian Government, to appoint to posts in the Covenanted Civil Service natives not members of that service; and it was provided that the mode and terms of admission of such native to the Civil Service should be in accordance with regulations to be made by the Indian and approved by the Home Government. Lord NORTHBROOK was reminded of this at Bombay, and a plan was recommended to him by which a certain number of admissions to the Civil Service would be opened to public competition by examinations to be held in India. Lord NORTHBROOK expressed a very decided disagreement with this proposal. He is not very well pleased with the extension of competition into every department of the English public service; but he is overwhelmed with the difficulty, which seems to baffle every English statesman, of knowing what to substitute for it here. In India, the reasons which may be urged in its defence when applied to England are altogether wanting, and, bad as are many of the results of the system in England, they would be a hundredfold worse in India. It is to be deplored that all appointments to the Indian Civil Service are made by competition under the present system. The public servants thus obtained are good, but they are not the best that could be obtained. There is a sameness about them; they are all crammed in the same way; they come from much the same class of people, with very few exceptions. If it were possible to think only of how to get the best body of civil servants for India, it would be a great improvement if a portion—half perhaps, or three-fifths—were appointed by competition, and the remainder by honest nomination. That we cannot think only of what is best for India in this respect is the consequence of our living under Parliamentary government. The pressure on a Minister

to do jobs in return for political services and assistance is so strong as to be found irresistible, or, if resisted, is strong enough to destroy the peace and happiness of the Minister. The primary reason why competition has been established in England is not that any one thinks this the best mode of appointing public servants, but that Ministers have insisted on being relieved at any cost from the nuisance of being perpetually badgered or betrayed into jobs. In India those who have to appoint to high posts are free from any pressure of the sort, and they can choose the best men as freely as they please and as their wits serve them. Perhaps there never was a Government which in making an appointment could look so exclusively to the benefit of the public as the Government of India. Competition, again, which is a very feeble guide to excellence in England, would be no guide at all in India. The clever, verbose, shallow, imitative native, who knows English and can write reams full of answers to any possible paper of questions, is exactly the man who ought to be carefully excluded from access to any office which demands the instinctive perception of the arts of government. To put him to govern millions of his countrymen and to influence the security and prosperity of vast districts would simply make our rule in India ridiculous. Fortunately no one can be more alive to the absurdity than Lord NORTHBROOK has shown himself to be.

THE ASSEMBLY AND THE THIRTY.

THE debate in the French Assembly on the 14th of December was more remarkable for oratorical than for political merits. The speeches were extremely eloquent, but, as regards any good that is to come of them, they might as well have remained unspoken. The Right do not seem to include persuasion among the objects of their rhetoric. Their main desire apparently is to say all the bitter things of their opponents that native imagination and careful preparation can supply them with. If M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER would have omitted two sentences out of every three, his speech, according to English ideas, would have been admirably adapted to the position of affairs. The Right are accused of being Monarchists sailing under false colours, of designing to bring about a Restoration whilst professedly engaged in organizing a Republic. M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER met this charge in the frankest possible way. He was on his guard against protesting too much. He confessed his monarchical preferences, but he admitted that these preferences could no longer be indulged without danger to France. He adopted FRANKLIN'S declaration that the grandest effort of patriotism is to sacrifice our opinions to our country's good. He stipulated only that the Right should not be called to deny their past or to pledge their future, and, this being conceded, he undertook on their behalf that they would loyally and resolutely sustain the present order of things. If this had been all that he said, it would have been the best answer that he could have given to the cry for a dissolution. The Assembly is distrusted because the majority is thought to be in favour of a Conservative Monarchy, while the country is in favour of a Conservative Republic. It is not the Conservatism of the party that is disliked so much as the form which it is believed that they intend their Conservatism to wear. If only the kernel of M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER'S speech had been put forward, it would have met with such general acceptance as would of itself have greatly modified the desire to get rid of the Assembly which is growing up even among moderate politicians. Here, it would have been said, is a man whose views are in substantial accordance with those of M. THIERS. When the PRESIDENT and the leader of the Right agree in accepting the Republic as the only possible form of Government, what more can be wanted? The Monarchists winced a little when M. THIERS first told them the truth, but they have had the good sense since then to recognize that it is the truth. Even the Left would not have been altogether uninfluenced by the unexpected moderation of their adversaries. They would not have acknowledged that it had made a dissolution less imperative, but they have been less eager, because less hopeful, in working for a dissolution. But to present the kernel alone was no part of M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER'S plan. He preferred to sharpen to the utmost every spine and every prickle on the husk. The greater part of his speech was a series of studied insults pointed directly at M. GAMBETTA. M. RAOUL DUVAL followed on the same line, and as was to be expected outdid his leader. He could not be more insulting, but he could be and was more exclusively and uninterruptedly insulting. Language of this kind necessarily undoes the effect of everything else that a speech

contains. Personal attacks are so much more amusing than declarations of political principles that, if the two are served up at the same time, the personalities engross the listener or the reader's whole attention. For one person who takes note of M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER'S convictions, a hundred will take note of his dislikes. What he said about Monarchy and Republicanism will be lost in the excitement of mastering what he said about M. GAMBETTA. In this respect M. RAOUL DUVAL was even worse advised than the Duke. The latter singled out M. GAMBETTA as the representative of Radicalism, and tried to saddle him with the responsibility of every foolish or wicked thing that has ever been said by any man calling himself a Radical. But the former abused him chiefly for his part in the war—a part which, when M. GAMBETTA comes to be judged before history, will certainly not be set down to his discredit. The Right could hardly do a more foolish thing than allow Frenchmen to think that, if they had been in power, they would have made peace immediately after Sedan. As time goes on the campaigns on the Loire and in the North-East will more and more take their place as the one feature of the war upon which Frenchmen may look back without shame. Whatever honour is to be derived from them is the common property of all parties. If the conception of the struggle belonged to M. GAMBETTA, the execution of it belonged to Frenchmen without distinction of class or opinions. That the Right should wish now to make over their share to their opponents, by declaring that they went on fighting against their own wishes—that they were M. GAMBETTA'S sheep, not General CHANZY'S or General FAIDHERBE'S soldiers—is a strange instance of the blindness of political passion.

Of the part taken by the Left in this debate there is very little to say. M. GAMBETTA spoke with extraordinary moderation, but, except as an example of self-control, his speech was not well conceived. His argument was exceedingly technical, and, besides being technical, it had the demerit of calling up exceedingly unpleasant recollections. M. LOUIS BLANC'S speech was very much more to the purpose, and put the formal reasons for dissolution with great clearness and great moderation. But no one seems to have taken the trouble to listen to him. The Deputies were busy in discussing the blows which M. D'AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER had just delivered, or in anticipating those which M. RAOUL DUVAL had still in store, and it was only by the threat of suspending the sitting that M. GRÉVY was able to obtain even decent silence. M. DUFAURE closed the debate, and though a week has passed since he spoke, there is still much disagreement as to the sense which ought to have been put upon what he said. The explanation of this uncertainty, perhaps, is that he wanted to please the Right by the form of his speech, and to please the Left by the substance of it. As might have been expected, the form made more impression than the substance. The Right were so carried away with delight at the smart things M. DUFAURE said about the Radicals, that they paid no attention to the warning that dissolution is an expedient only to be resorted to in the last extremity, when the wisdom and disinterestedness of the Assembly have been appealed to in vain. The Left might have been satisfied with this implied pledge that, if the majority continue refractory, M. THIERS will not be wanting in the necessary resolution, if the sarcasms had only been left out. Thus both parties agreed in regarding M. DUFAURE as having absolutely gone over to the views of the Right, and it was only after their respective journalists had had time to study the Minister's language more closely that either began to suspect that M. DUFAURE'S conversion might not be as complete as had been at first supposed. They were not long left in doubt as to the mind of the Government upon the subject. M. THIERS'S speech before the Committee of Thirty on Monday furnished the necessary gloss to M. DUFAURE'S speech in the Assembly on the previous Saturday. Whether the two speeches were meant all along to be as different in tone and temper as they actually became is hard to say. M. DUFAURE'S attitude of hostility towards the Left, or, at all events, of absolute separation from it, may unconsciously have been exaggerated, and M. THIERS may have found himself obliged to send the official pendulum further in the opposite direction than he need have done if M. DUFAURE had kept more strictly to the text of his part. Or it may all along have been intended that the Right should be brought into good humour with the Government before they were made acquainted with the PRESIDENT'S final determination as to his relations with the Committee. If this was M. THIERS'S design, it seems up to this point to have been completely successful. The Committee listened with perfect patience to

a reiteration, in greater detail, of the Message which not long before had excited them to frenzy. M. THIERS unsaid nothing. If there was any variation between the speech and the Message, it was that the speech was more assured and dictatorial. There was something almost contemptuous in M. THIERS's demonstration that, as the policy to which the Right professed to adhere was precisely the policy which he had marked out for them, they had better carry it out under his directions. If they really wished to leave the past alone, to let the future take care of itself, and to devote themselves to satisfying the needs of the present, he would show them how they could most effectually combine these several tasks. It was childish to suppose that Ministerial responsibility was the only thing to be thought of. They had Ministerial responsibility already, and they might see how little it had done towards the consolidation of the Conservative Republic. Something beyond this was wanted, and if so, where would they find a more moderate or more Conservative programme than the one he had offered them? It argues a good deal of confidence in his real hold over the Right that M. THIERS should venture to use this language; but, judging by the calmness with which the speech has been received both by the majority of the Committee and by the party generally, it argues more confidence than he has a right to feel.

MR. LOWE AT SWINDON.

MR. LOWE'S speeches are always worth reading; for, if he is sometimes deficient in foresight and wisdom, he is always vigorous, pithy, and pointed. The meeting which he addressed at Swindon naturally suggested the question of the essential distinction between a Liberal and a Tory. Mr. BOUVERIE, who was, with the exception of Mr. LOWE, the principal person present, has not been supposed to regard with especial favour or sympathy the democratic and destructive propensities of the present PRIME MINISTER; but it seems that the local politics of Wiltshire rendered it expedient to hold a Liberal meeting, probably for the purpose of reconciling or concealing internal divisions. Mr. LOWE, and probably Mr. BOUVERIE, agree on almost all essential points with moderate Conservatives of the school of Lord DERBY; but as long as they are members or leaders of a party they must stand by their flag; and it was for Mr. LOWE to show that the symbol represented a principle, a tendency, or a distinction. His epigrammatic antithesis between the Tory who is contented with what is and the Liberal who desires what ought to be was quite good enough for the occasion; but it would not severely tax Mr. LOWE's ingenuity to invent a dozen other definitions which would be equally just and forcible. It is barely possible that what is may sometimes be that which ought to be; and in such a case the advocate of change is necessarily in the wrong. In 1866 Mr. LOWE, then as now a Liberal, incurred great and undeserved unpopularity by defending the then existing Constitution against the assaults of Mr. GLADSTONE. There is no reason to suppose that he has ever regretted or repented his opposition to the increase of democratic power. It was natural that in his long enumeration of the political triumphs of Liberalism Mr. LOWE should not refer to a controversy with his present political allies. If it had been his purpose to cultivate scientific accuracy, he would perhaps have reminded his audience that the definition of Liberalism depends in a great degree on the character of the party which professes it. Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. P. A. TAYLOR hold that many things ought to be which would be much more obnoxious to Mr. LOWE and Mr. BOUVERIE than the things which actually are; yet the Liberal party includes its most extreme members, and it is suspected that the leader of the party inclines to their opinions. In the form of a general and theoretical statement Mr. LOWE communicated to his audience the interesting fact that the present Cabinet contains a Right, a Centre, and a Left. The existence of such a division was notorious, but Cabinets have generally affected a unanimity which of course only approximates to an imaginary or ideal standard. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. LOWE observed, the members of a Cabinet, when it is a deliberative body, must make mutual concessions if they are to act together. It would be gratifying to receive some assurance that all the concessions are not made to the Left. Mr. LOWE seemed to be apologizing for some compromise of his own opinions rather than to commemorate the moderation of his colleagues of the Left. It is not uniformly true either that a Cabinet is split, like a Parliament, into sections, or that it is a deliberative body. In PIEL's Cabinet, in PALMERSTON's, and, above all, in PITTS's, there was no Right, no Left, no Centre, but a chief

Minister, assisted by colleagues who either concurred in his policy or suppressed their objections. Although Mr. GLADSTONE was probably on almost all points opposed to Lord PALMERSTON, he was compelled to acquiesce for the time in the supremacy of his chief.

Lord SALISBURY's statement from a hostile point of view was substantially identical with Mr. LOWE's confession. The tribute which Lord SALISBURY charged the Government with paying to the Radical party was no other than the concessions which are probably made by the Right and Centre to the Left. It is possible that Mr. LOWE may at different times, according to the subject matter under discussion, take his place in one or other of the subdivisions of the Cabinet. When there is a question of disestablishing Churches, of disendowing colleges, or of prohibiting the tenure of property in mortmain, Mr. LOWE may find himself allied with the extreme section of his colleagues; but when private property is menaced, or when democratic claims to an increase of power are preferred, Mr. LOWE is as Conservative in his tendencies as Lord SALISBURY. There is nothing sentimental or impulsive in his political character; and although absence of sympathy may sometimes be a defect in a statesman, coolness and clearness of head are qualities which inspire greater confidence than impetuous earnestness. Sceptical observers and hard-headed logicians seldom originate revolutions. Enthusiasm, which is commonly associated with credulity, is the necessary instrument of great social changes. Mr. LOWE's intellectual temperament may perhaps not incline him to the belief that whatever is is right; but, on the other hand, he would require strong evidence of the possibility of attaining a perfect Utopia. While he recapitulated the former achievements of the Liberal party, and while he taunted the Conservatives with the absence of a definite policy, Mr. LOWE prudently abstained from committing himself or the Government to any measure or political theory. It may be conjectured that he agrees with Mr. GOSCHEN on the expediency of selling off the landed property of corporate bodies, and that he differs from Mr. GLADSTONE's project of transferring all political power in counties from landlords and tenants to farm-labourers; but with a reticence which might have been prudently shared by his colleagues, he confined himself to the safe pledge that the Liberal party and the Government would do whatever might be thought to be right. On the condition and prospects of his own department the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was absolutely silent. The unprecedented prosperity of the finances will enable the Government to make some remission of taxes; for, as the impending payment of damages under the *Alabama* award will be met by the receipts of the current year, the liability will not affect the estimates of future expenditure; yet Mr. LOWE refrained from communicating to the Swindon meeting the agreeable intelligence that he would be enabled to dispose of a surplus. On the Local Taxation Bill and on the Irish Education Bill his speech threw no light, and the only definite statement that he made was both negative and superfluous. It might have been assumed that the Government will not in the ensuing Session introduce a Bill for the compulsory subdivision of land.

Lord SALISBURY, in his speech at Bournemouth, by a common figure of rhetoric, attributed to the Ministers the definite intention of producing the remote results which, in the opinion of the speaker, may probably follow from their measures. Mr. GOSCHEN's speech confirmed the common rumour that the Government desires to interfere with the relations between landlord and tenant; and Mr. LOWE himself admits that primogeniture in case of intestacy is to be abolished. It may be plausibly inferred that the promoters of similar changes disapprove of the present distribution of landed property, and that they think it possible and desirable to encourage, at least a partial subdivision. Their most active instigators and supporters either dispute the right of property in land, or contend that it should as a rule be owned by the occupiers. It is certainly not in the interest, nor in accordance with the wishes, of landowners that legislation is threatened; and Lord SALISBURY merely expressed in a condensed form his suspicion that the Government was about to play into the hands of revolutionary agitators. He will perhaps not be entirely reassured by Mr. LOWE's denial of any immediate purpose of introducing the French system of distribution into England. It is only in case of intestacy that, in Mr. LOWE's words, the law in its amended form will remedy the neglect of the defunct owner by making for him a just instead of an unjust will. It would appear that Mr. LOWE thinks it unjust to leave a landed estate to the eldest son; so that Lord SALISBURY may be excused for thinking that the Ministers might have intended to prohibit a practice

which one of them publicly condemns. There may be different opinions as to the political and economic merits of the system of primogeniture, but it is utterly untrue that it is unjust to the families whom it affects. The younger son, who is compelled to content himself with a small share of the inheritance, would in the great majority of cases have received a still more scanty provision if the family property had been compulsorily subdivided in two or three previous devolutions. The cadets of the landed gentry are, next to the owners themselves, more directly interested than any other class in the maintenance of hereditary estates. If, therefore, a will or a deliberate intestacy in favour of the eldest son is unjust, the hardship is inflicted, not on the younger children, but on society in general; yet Mr. LOWE remarks with perfect truth that the equal distribution of estates not devised by will would tend rather to the agglomeration than to the subdivision of land. Small freeholds must in almost all cases be sold when they are divided among several owners, and experience shows that the most probable purchasers will be the great neighbouring proprietors. Lord SALISBURY paid Mr. LOWE and his colleagues the compliment of assuming that they would scarcely alter the law for the purpose of facilitating the increase of overgrown estates. It would not have been courteous to suggest that their only object was to satisfy a clamorous section of their supporters. It may perhaps be excusable to humour a natural prejudice, and to compel owners of land in all cases to make wills, instead of relying on the ancient law which provides for the fulfilment of their intentions; but, if Mr. LOWE expresses the opinion of the Government, they cannot but hold that the customary wills and settlements are as unjust as the exclusive rights of the heir-at-law. For the present the Wiltshire landowners and the farmers who are deeply interested in the maintenance of large estates were probably contented with Mr. LOWE's assurance that their interests are not for the moment in danger.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

THERE is an essential difference between an English Speech from the Throne and a President's Message. The Ministers, speaking in the name of the QUEEN, but also representing the majority of the House of Commons, announce to Parliament at the same time the policy of the Crown and the prospects of legislation. The President of the United States, though he addresses to Congress any recommendation which he may deem expedient, occupies himself principally with the acts and intentions of the Executive Government. The legislative functions even of Congress itself are in ordinary times of secondary importance. The greater part of the business which in the United Kingdom devolves on Parliament is managed by the Legislatures of the various States; and it is not the custom for American Governments to spend the recess in revising the institutions of the country with a view to successive abolitions. The meagre summary of the Message which was published in England nearly three weeks ago is fully justified by the character of the text. The United States are happy both in contributing nothing to present history, and in the good sense of a PRESIDENT who contents himself with having little to say. The telegraphic summary correctly indicated the erroneous account of the collapse of the Indirect Claims with which the PRESIDENT, or rather the SECRETARY of STATE, consoles himself for failure. It is some slight satisfaction to learn that the English Government has not been guilty of the absurdity of offering gratuitous compliments to the American counsel. The PRESIDENT had good reason for acknowledging their ability and their undoubted zeal. It may be hoped that all the comments on the *Alabama* controversy and arbitration are now finally closed. It had not been foreseen in England that another Commission, and perhaps another arbitration, would be required for the determination of the frontier line which now traverses the Haro Channel. There are two or three other frontier questions pending, including a fresh determination of the limits between Alaska and the North-Western part of the Canadian Dominion. According to all former precedent, the United States will in every case ultimately have their own way, but it may be hoped that they will not seek new pretexts for quarrel. On the whole, the language of the Message is perfectly courteous to England, offering an agreeable contrast to the insulting and vituperative tone which was habitually adopted by American Presidents down to the outbreak of the Civil War.

The rumours which attributed to the PRESIDENT an aggressive foreign policy with respect to Cuba and Mexico derive no countenance from the Message. It is possible that Spanish

susceptibility may be aroused by the PRESIDENT's advice on the domestic question of slavery. According to strict international law, no State has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of a neighbour; but the rule has in practice been modified by numerous exceptions. Weak and ill-governed European States have frequently been compelled to receive unwelcome advice from great Powers, and perhaps the American Government can scarcely be expected to regard with entire indifference the condition of an adjacent island. Times have changed since Mr. BUCHANAN formally proposed the acquisition of Cuba for the purpose of maintaining and extending the institution of slavery; and his more moderate successor suggests, not that the island should be bought or conquered, but that slavery should be abolished. It will not be disputed that he has a right to censure the American citizens who hold slave property in Cuba. To Mexico the PRESIDENT expresses the most friendly feelings, though he notices the depredations which have been committed on the Southern frontier of Texas. His tribute to the memory of JUAREZ is not entirely undeserved; and for the present there is happily no disputed succession to the highest post in the Mexican Republic. It may be taken for granted that no considerable party in the United States would approve of any attempt to annex additional portions of Mexican territory. The former war, and the conquests which were effected at its close, were nearly connected with the struggle between the Free and Slave States which has now fortunately become obsolete. The greatness and power of the United States would not be really increased by a change in the colouring of the map which might imply that outlying parts of Mexico had been included in the American Republic. If at any future time the South-Western States and Territories are fully occupied, it is possible that the English-speaking population may once more encroach on the territory of Mexico. With all the States of South America the PRESIDENT as usual maintains friendly relations, although there is a pending dispute about a certain debt with the Republic of Venezuela. There is no reason to fear that American citizens will finally suffer.

The PRESIDENT directs the attention of Congress to schemes of water communication which seem likely to increase still further at some future time the unequalled resources of the United States. One of these routes would connect the valley of the Mississippi with Charleston and Savannah on the Atlantic seaboard; and another would provide an almost continuous land-locked water navigation from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. General GRANT considers that facilities for traversing the continent in safety would in time of war be found of inestimable value; but he is probably not apprehensive of any immediate danger. In two or three paragraphs devoted to the Navy the Message reminds Congress that, unless its force is increased, the United States will in a few years be the weakest on the ocean of all the Great Powers. It is probably in deference to the PRESIDENT's recommendation that Congress has granted funds for the construction of a few cruisers, although the vote was supposed to imply a design of intervention in the affairs of Cuba. The Estimates for the Army amount to less than 7,000,000*l.*, and the number of officers and men to about twenty-seven thousand. The overburdened nations of Europe may well envy a country which, in the absence of enemies and of formidable neighbours, can afford to rely on a military establishment which would form two or three divisions of a French or German army. The successful policy which has recently been adopted with respect to the Indian tribes will still further diminish the demand for a military force; and it may be hoped that the disturbances in some of the Southern States will soon cease to require repression. General GRANT answers indirectly and with dignified moderation the charges which were advanced against him during the recent contest of unconstitutional exercise of power. It was the plain duty of the PRESIDENT to enforce the provisions of the Acts of Congress for the repression of disorders in the South. General GRANT announces his intention of considering favourably applications for the remission of punishments which have been awarded to disturbers of the peace; but he also declares that he will use any rigour which may be necessary for the suppression of lawless combinations. In a few words the PRESIDENT recommends the enactment of laws for the Territory of Utah which may ensure the maintenance of peace and the abolition of polygamy. It may be plausibly contended that interference with the social institutions of a Territory are inconsistent with the spirit, if not with the letter, of the American Constitution; but the people of the United States, although they may profess unqualified

reverence for the semi-divine charter of the Republic, practically understand that Constitutions are made for men, and not men for Constitutions. It is useless to prove to them that a practice which they regard as essentially immoral and pernicious can be protected by abstract maxims or by legal enactments of toleration. The Mormons might have much to say for themselves as long as they were out of reach, but the Pacific Railway has supplied the logic of the persecuting majority with any demonstrative force in which it might previously have been deficient. American opinion allows of wide eccentricity in theory and conduct, but it will not permanently allow men to have half-a-dozen wives apiece.

The most questionable part of the Message, though it is of purely domestic concern, is the recommendation of an expenditure of 1,000,000*l.* a year for five years for the encouragement of merchant shipping. If General GRANT had at any time studied political economy, he would have appreciated the absurdity of discouraging ship-building and ship-owning by protective duties on materials, and of then redressing an arbitrary error by the awkward machinery of Government bounties. It is doubtful whether Congress will adopt a recommendation which is the more indefensible at a time when, in the words of the Message, "the price of labour in Europe has so much enhanced within the last few years" that the cost of building and operating steamers in the United States is not much greater than in Europe. A recommendation that no further reduction of taxes should be made within the present year is perhaps suggested by an anxiety to retain protective duties as well as by financial caution. The last paragraph of the Message is devoted to the question of Civil Service Reform, which furnished a pretext or a cause for the opposition to the re-election of the PRESIDENT. General GRANT's language is not the less satisfactory because he abstains from profuse promises and from sanguine anticipations. The new rules can, as he justly observes, only be tested by experience, and he proposes to apply them in good faith during his term of office. He hopes that the results may, after a year's trial, justify Congress in making the observance of the rules obligatory on his successors. The language of the Message is throughout reserved, concise, and temperate, and the style might in these respects be advantageously imitated in the composition of the next QUEEN'S Speech.

SEDAN.

WHILE the French war was going on, a fund was formed under the control of the proprietors of the *Daily News* for the relief of French peasants, and its distribution was principally confided to Mr. BULLOCK, whose adventures in Poland and Mexico showed that no circumstances of danger or difficulty were likely to stop him in discharging an arduous duty, and whose energy and tact amply justified the choice that had been made. This gentleman, who has recently taken the name of HALL, has this week given an account of his labours in the shape of a lecture delivered to a local audience, and has made some observations which deserve notice both on the conduct of the military operations which ended in the disaster of Sedan, and also on the cruelties which he found war bringing in its train. On the whole, the Germans behaved well in France, if judged by the easy standard of belligerents in previous great Continental wars; but, if so much can be said for them, it is also true that war is always a fearful thing and breeds much wickedness, showing itself in acts which no one would more deplore than high-minded men in military command, but which they are apparently unable to prevent. Mr. HALL's political sympathies were with the Germans, but he states that he was thunderstruck by the spectacle of wholesale ruin which met his eye when he came to see what war had meant for the French peasants in the neighbourhood of Sedan. They had been plundered of everything they had, and had been ruined by the wholesale and wanton destruction of house and home. This had been the work, not of German soldiers, but of German camp-followers; and although it is something that the soldiery were not mixed up in this barbarous work, it is indisputably a great disgrace to the German commanders that they were unwilling or unable to prevent acts which cast so much dishonour on the German name. It is, however, to that portion of Mr. HALL's lecture in which he describes the antecedents of the battle of Sedan on the French side that we wish now to refer. He very naturally adopted the current history of MACMAHON's campaign, which we find repeated in one of the latest and best popular accounts of the war published in England—that of CASSELL'S History. Very recently, however, there has been published

in Paris a volume containing the evidence given before a Committee of the Assembly by Marshal MACMAHON himself, and by the principal persons in authority at Paris during the Sedan campaign. We now know the real story, and it is worth knowing. It is right that when we have the means of doing justice to persons with whom fortune has dealt hardly, we should do it; and, although all the broader features of the affair remain as before, yet some particular assertions which have been adopted into current history require rectification. Mr. HALL stated that MACMAHON reluctantly abandoned his intention of falling back on Paris in obedience to imperative orders from the Council of Regency, and that the slowness of his march was in a large degree accounted for by the clogging presence of the EMPEROR, whose luxurious equipages choked up the road, and whose anxiety for the PRINCE IMPERIAL made him keep near the railway, and thus lengthen the distance. The Marshal's evidence now published shows that this is not a correct account of what happened. MACMAHON abandoned his intention of retiring on Paris, not because he was overruled by the Council of the Regency, but because he received a telegram from BAZAINE which suddenly induced him to alter his plans. He further states that the blocking up of the roads was not due to the luxurious equipages of the EMPEROR or of any one else, and that the choice of the line of railway was dictated by purely military considerations. In order that it may be seen what was the real history of this most unfortunate affair, we will give a summary of the Marshal's evidence.

MACMAHON arrived at Châlons on the 17th of August, and was on that day appointed by the EMPEROR Commander of the Army of Châlons, under the general orders of BAZAINE, who was Commander-in-Chief. MACMAHON had a conference with the EMPEROR, PRINCE NAPOLEON, and General TROCHU, and it was then decided that TROCHU should be appointed Governor of Paris, and the EMPEROR announced his intention of at once returning to the capital. This intention he subsequently abandoned in deference to the representations of the EMPRESS. No determination was come to as to what should be done with MACMAHON's troops, and TROCHU had left for Paris before a despatch was received from BAZAINE giving an account of the battle of the 16th, generally known as that of Vionville. The EMPEROR on no occasion whatever after MACMAHON had received his command on the 17th interfered with the military operations of the Marshal. He stated his opinion, which without wavering was from first to last for a return to Paris, but MACMAHON was throughout left perfectly free by the EMPEROR, and marched towards Metz solely on his own responsibility. On the 19th BAZAINE, without any reference to the great battle of the 18th, telegraphed to MACMAHON that it was impossible for him to direct MACMAHON's movements, and that MACMAHON must decide for himself what to do. On the 20th MACMAHON knew that BAZAINE had had the route by Verdun closed against him, and MACMAHON, thinking the position at Châlons not maintainable against the advance of the Prince Royal of Prussia, retired on Rheims, in order to wait till he could learn whether BAZAINE had attempted to escape by marching to the North or to the South. At Courcelles, near Rheims, the Marshal found M. ROUHER, who warmly urged him to march to the relief of BAZAINE; but MACMAHON, who had now given up the hope of relieving BAZAINE, positively refused to agree to M. ROUHER's wishes, and stated that on the next day but one—that is, the 23rd—he should begin to march his troops towards Paris. He was engaged on the 22nd in making active preparations for taking his army to Paris, when at four in the afternoon he received a telegram from BAZAINE, dated the 19th, in which BAZAINE informed him that, in order to escape the consequences of the battle of Gravelotte on the 28th, which he foresaw would lead to Metz being invested, he intended at once to move northward, and to retreat by the way of Montmédy if possible, and if not, then by Sedan and Mézières. Without hesitation, and solely on his own judgment, and apparently without consulting any one, MACMAHON telegraphed to BAZAINE that he was at Rheims, and would at once move in the direction of Montmédy. Some hours afterwards a telegram came from Paris, not to MACMAHON, but to the EMPEROR, expressing the unanimous wish of the Council that MACMAHON should march to the relief of BAZAINE. The EMPEROR did not even show this telegram to MACMAHON, although he informed him of its contents. Both treated it as of no consequence, as MACMAHON had already some hours previously on his own exclusive responsibility decided to march to Montmédy.

The Marshal then proceeds in his evidence to discuss the causes which rendered his march so slow. He gave orders

that the troops should set out for Montmédy on the morning of the 23rd, carrying with them provisions for four days. On the evening of the 23rd he was informed that, although his *corps d'armée* had received the amount of provisions ordered, the other two *corps d'armée* had actually been sent off with only one day's food, and were without any provisions for the next morning's breakfast. He consequently had to march a portion of his army to Rethel to get supplies, and on the 27th he was at Chêne Populeux, where he learnt that the two *corps* which, having provisions with them, had been pushed forward, had been attacked by the Germans, and also that so late as the 25th BAZAINE was still at Metz. MACMAHON therefore decided to take his whole army to Mézières, which would give him an opportunity of marching to meet BAZAINE if he heard that BAZAINE had been able to effect his escape, and of retreating to the West and falling back on Paris if all prospect of a junction with BAZAINE seemed at an end. But his purpose was once more changed, and this time he acknowledges that he acted in deference to the earnest entreaties, or it may be said demands, of the Minister of War, who urged that, unless MACMAHON relieved BAZAINE, a revolution would break out in Paris, and that the position of the Germans still rendered the enterprise practicable. MACMAHON allowed himself to entertain the same hope, and it was because he did so, and thought that he had on military grounds a fair chance of success, as well as in deference to the wishes, which technically were not commands, of the Council, that he set out once more for Montmédy. On the 28th he learnt that Stenay was occupied by the Saxons, and he was therefore driven, in order to cross the Meuse, to seek the bridges in the neighbourhood of Sedan. It was these orders and counter-orders that really made the march so slow, although as subsidiary causes the Marshal mentions that many of his troops, being either raw soldiers or sailors, were unaccustomed to marching, and that the roads were blocked up with baggage, consisting not of luxurious equipages—for the Marshal had nothing more than two one-horse chaises with him—but of the waggons bearing the stores and munitions of the troops, which could not be kept at a convenient distance in the rear, as it was feared that the German cavalry would get hold of them. There was also some slight want of discipline in the army, but not of a character to give any serious trouble. On the 30th MACMAHON, uneasy as to what was becoming of FAILLY, went to look for him, and at five in the morning found him at Beaumont, and ordered him at once to make for Mouzon, and there to cross the Meuse. FAILLY disobeyed. Instead of moving his troops at once, he allowed them to remain until eleven. When they might have been well over the Meuse—the bridge being only six miles off—they were comfortably taking their breakfast, when they were surprised by an attack of the Saxons and utterly routed. On the 31st MACMAHON found himself in the trap of Sedan, and in the evening he was informed that the enemy was advancing on the railway-bridge at Donchéry, close to Sedan, on the west. He sent off a train at once with engineers to blow up the bridge, but although the engineers got out at the right place, the train went on, carrying off all their tools and powder, and before they could receive a new supply the Germans got possession of the bridge, and commanded this important access to Mézières. Nor was this all. MACMAHON had counted on finding a million rations at Sedan, and it was true there had been this amount there in the station; but the station-master, thinking the station in danger, had sent off four-fifths of the supply to Mézières. MACMAHON was now fully alive to the danger of his situation, and went out at daybreak on the 1st of September to reconnoitre. At half-past five he was struck by a fragment of a shell, and rendered incapable of further command. Had he not been wounded, he says that he should at once have decided on trying to escape either eastward to Carignan or westward to Mézières, and he thinks that he might have succeeded in either direction. DUCROT, to whom he handed over the command, decided on trying at once to make for Mézières, and for two hours the troops were moved in that direction. But then DUCROT was suspended by WIMPFEN, who had a special authority from the Ministry of War to replace MACMAHON if wounded, and WIMPFEN decided to move in exactly the opposite direction, and make for Carignan. But the positions which would have made a movement eastward possible at an earlier hour had been abandoned by DUCROT's orders, as not necessary if the troops were to move towards Asnières. The French, therefore, ceasing to move towards Mézières, could not move towards Carignan, and were soon encircled by the Germans, and the struggle was at an end. Such is the true history of the campaign of Sedan, and it cannot be said that

any one on the French side gains much credit from its being known; but some discredit which has been unfairly attached to some of those chiefly concerned may be said to have been removed by its disclosure.

THE INCOME-TAX AGITATION.

THE meeting at Guildhall for the abolition of the Income-tax was numerous, and, like all similar meetings, unanimous; but the speeches which it applauded were extraordinarily deficient in force, and even in plausibility. Mr. MASSEY has committed a mistake in connecting himself on his return to Parliamentary life with an untenable theory; but those who defend sound principles have reason to congratulate themselves on the opportunity of dealing with a cultivated economist and experienced financier, rather than with noisy and ignorant declaimers. A more eminent personage than Mr. MASSEY communicated by letter his approval of the objects of the meeting. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, then in the early prime of youth, was with good reason regarded as the hope of the Whig party when the Opposition obtained an unexpected victory over Lord LIVERPOOL's Government on the question of maintaining the ten per cent. Income-tax after the close of the war. If Mr. VANSITTART's Budget had been accepted in 1816, the National Debt would in the ensuing years have been largely reduced, in anticipation of a policy which has recently found some eminent advocates; but at a time when every branch of production and consumption was loaded with an almost intolerable weight of taxation, only an incapable Finance Minister would have urged on the House of Commons an immediate attempt to reduce the capital of the Debt. The opponents of the measure contended with irresistible force that the tax had been imposed by PITT and continued by his successors for the purposes of the great struggle with NAPOLEON; and a House of Commons which then represented property, and more especially land, refused to subject the country in time of peace to a burden which was deemed intolerable. The proposition, then accidentally true, that the Income-tax was traditionally applicable only to extraordinary emergencies, impressed itself on Lord JOHN RUSSELL's youthful and plastic understanding in the form of a general maxim. When Sir ROBERT PEEL revived the tax in 1842 the Whig leader reproduced the old objection, and he annually repeated his protest until he succeeded to office in 1846. During the succeeding five or six years in which he held the office of Prime Minister Lord JOHN RUSSELL waived his scruples, and on one occasion his Chancellor of the Exchequer was defeated in an attempt to increase the percentage. It is not known that at any later time, either as leader of the House of Commons or as Prime Minister, Lord RUSSELL has used his influence for the abolition, or even for the reduction, of a tax which has become a part of the ordinary fiscal system. In the retirement of his later years Lord RUSSELL recurs with a pleasing fidelity to early associations. In his memory and imagination the Income-tax which he aided in retaining and renewing for nearly twenty years has once more become, as in the days of CASTLEREAGH, a burden only to be imposed in extraordinary emergencies. One of the commonplaces of fifty or sixty years ago was the connexion of liberty and property, which will probably soon be thought incompatible and reciprocally antagonistic; and the contemporaries of Lord RUSSELL's youth sometimes held that a tax on income was unconstitutional as well as burdensome.

Mr. MASSEY, an active and intelligent politician of the present day, has less excuse for repeating an inaccurate and misleading statement. It may be conjectured that his sudden zeal for the suppression of the Income-tax has been suggested by a mere accident. During the contest at Tiverton some of his opponents asserted that he had supported an Income-tax as Finance Minister in India, and in contradicting the statement Mr. MASSEY denounced with unnecessary vehemence a mode of taxation which, whether it may be expedient or impolitic in India, must be judged on independent grounds when it is applied to the United Kingdom. It is difficult to believe that Mr. MASSEY can be deluded either by the misstatement that the tax has been habitually reserved for extraordinary occasions, or by a fallacious inference from thoughtless pledges which may at different times have been vaguely given by political leaders. It is a sin to swear, in a Parliamentary sense, unto the sin of an improvident repeal of taxation; but it would be a greater sin, not committed by any Minister during thirty years, to keep the sinful oath at the expense of the public interest. What statesmen do when they have the power of consulting their own deliberate judgment is a safer interpre-

tation of their convictions than any random pledge or promise. There is little use in repeating the statement that a tax which has been again and again renewed, as it was originally imposed, in time of peace, is essentially a war tax.

It was scarcely worthy of a well-informed and responsible politician to suggest that the deficiency which must result from the abolition of the tax might be covered by a reduction of expenditure. It is only in times of extreme pressure that a Government is justified in making parsimony the basis of its financial policy, instead of first providing for the efficiency of the public service, and afterwards considering how the necessary revenue may be raised with the smallest injury to the taxpayer. There is not the smallest reason to believe that the public expenditure could at present be safely or prudently reduced by six millions; and even if there were a surplus of that amount, the question whether the whole or part of the sum should be applied to the abolition of the Income-tax would remain untouched. A blundering member of Parliament, who is now a capable and efficient judge, used, when he unfortunately wandered from law into finance, to explain to the House of Commons at great length that every schedule of the Income-tax was too high in comparison with every other. Schedule A paid more than its share, but Schedule D suffered a similar grievance; and it never occurred to the laborious expositor that he was undertaking to prove that the collective parts were much greater than the whole. A similar error is committed by less muddle-headed economists when they dilate in succession on the objections which may easily be urged against every tax when it is separately considered in its turn. It would be highly advantageous to get rid of the Income-tax; but the malt duty, and the taxes levied by stamps, are not absolutely unobjectionable; and each tax diminishes the necessity of imposing or increasing some other burden. Many of the opponents of the Income-tax are in the habit of repeating Mr. BRIGHT's cant phrase of a cheap breakfast-table; or, if Mr. GOSCHEN's plan of handing over to the ratepayers the proceeds of the House-tax is at any time adopted, the loss to the national revenue must be met; and it has generally been thought advisable to maintain some kind of balance between direct and indirect taxation. There has been much dispute as to the relative proportions which different classes contribute to the expense of government; but the practical importance of the controversy is somewhat diminished by the inevitable tendency of permanent taxation to equalize to a certain extent the pressure of fiscal burdens. When the immediate incidence of taxation is suddenly and violently changed, great injustice is done for the time even in the introduction of a better system.

No Ministry could safely or properly propose, and no House of Commons would sanction, an entire readjustment of taxation to the detriment of the less wealthy classes. The abolition of the Income-tax, even, if the deficiency were met by reduction of expenditure, would be equivalent to an increase of the relative burden of duties on consumption. The landowner and the capitalist would pay no additional duties on tea or on wine, because their expenditure on taxable commodities is already equal to their wants. The whole amount of the tax which they now pay on their incomes would remain in their pockets, while labourers and artisans would have received no corresponding relief. The anomaly and injustice of such a result cannot have escaped the notice of Mr. MASSEY and his allies; and it is therefore not a harsh assumption that their speeches at the Guildhall disclosed but a part of their conclusions. The party to which most of them belong is not likely to support an injustice which would be flagrantly unpopular; but it was perhaps thought expedient further to hoodwink the half-dozen Conservatives who had been rash enough to venture upon the Guildhall platform. If the simplicity of their class were less inexhaustible, it would be surprising that they should fail to discern the unexpressed alternative which is implied in the proposal for the repeal of the Income-tax. The ratio between direct and indirect taxation will certainly not be altered to the advantage of landowners or fundholders, and consequently the repeal of the Income-tax really means a large addition to the Schedules which affect realized property. Schedule B would probably fall with Schedule D, but the helpless contributors under Schedule E would scarcely escape. The present form of the agitation is merely an acknowledgment and an evasion of the conclusive objections to the exemptions claimed by traders. Because it has been again and again demonstrated that the

tax ought to be uniform and equal, the taxpayers under Schedule D resolve to slip their necks out of the collar by abolishing the tax, and by then reimposing it under some other name on all taxpayers except themselves. Mr. MASSEY, indeed, shrank from the iniquitous demand for immunity which was preferred by the traders. If, he said, trades and professions were equitably called upon to pay two millions of direct taxation, they might pay it in another form. In what form they were to pay it, or why the form of payment should be changed, he failed to explain. He may be well assured that the object of his clients is to avoid payment, and not to pay in another form. Although the discussion at the Guildhall exposed the hopeless weakness of the promoters in argument, meetings of the kind are not unlikely to produce mischievous results. If the borough constituencies dictate to their members an unjust readjustment of taxation, it is possible that a House of Commons may be found, in this as in some other instances, to adopt a policy opposed to the convictions of all the members who are competent to form an opinion.

THE NEW COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

MR. GLADSTONE appears to have taken rather a cruel revenge on two of his most pious and passionate adorers. He has suddenly fallen upon the *Spectator* and the *Daily Telegraph*, and plucked their beards and insulted them before all the congregation of the faithful. We are really very sorry for our unfortunate contemporaries. Such a blow from such a quarter must be doubly painful, and if anything could add to the bitterness of their mortification it would be the moment which has been chosen for this unfeeling assault. They have been outraged in an attitude which might in itself have been regarded as a protection against attack. The idol has descended from his pedestal to kick his worshippers while they were lying prostrate before him in the very act of adoration. Even an unbeliever will allow that their simple piety and sentimental fervour deserved at least more merciful treatment. If there is gratitude in man, Mr. GLADSTONE might have been expected to be not ungrateful for their unflinching incense and constant faith. And yet perhaps there is something to be said for Mr. GLADSTONE too. Idols, we suspect, have not such a pleasant time of it as some people fancy, and their worst trials are not the scoffings of the heathen. The excesses of their own devotees must occasionally be a more distressing experience. It is not very easy to sit still and look happy when the antics of true believers are making all the world laugh at you. We have always done Mr. GLADSTONE the justice to believe that the fulsome adulation of certain journalists must necessarily be offensive to him, not merely because he is always telling us that he is one of the most humble and unworthy of men—which we may accept in a natural or non-natural sense, as we choose—but because, in any case, he is a man of undoubted intellectual capacity. It is incredible that any one with the faintest touch of that self-respect which is usually found in company with a strong and highly cultivated mind should submit willingly to the amorous, and in company almost too intimate, fondling of one admirer, or to the more nauseous fawning of that other worshipper who insists on plastering the statesman with the ointment of a greasy sycophancy whenever he crosses the market-place. It is not unnatural that Mr. GLADSTONE should be glad to seize an opportunity of shaking off these inconvenient attentions, and of showing that, whatever other people may think, he at least has no relish for them. In one case Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps have thought it the more necessary to offer this rebuke in consequence of an extraordinary rumour attributing to him the intention of bestowing public honours in return for a daily service of prayer and praise. A generous mind will have no difficulty in understanding Mr. GLADSTONE's sufferings, and, though we may think the punishment which he has inflicted on the indiscretions of his followers severe, we cannot say that it was altogether unprovoked. After all, he has only made it known to the world that the special, and, as one might say, domestic, knowledge of his character and habits which they affect to possess is quite a delusion, and that they have been misled into constructing an ideal personage on the basis of a reporter's blunder.

The other week the *Spectator*, referring to a remark which Mr. GLADSTONE was supposed to have made at the recent meeting of the Biblical Archaeology Society, "that every day must begin for him with his old friend HOMER," set to work to explain the secret psychological impulses by which that statesman was led to devote himself to

HOMER in this enthusiastic fashion. And it is needless to say that the writer was easily able to do this very much to his own satisfaction, though not, it would appear, quite so much to the satisfaction of the object of his affectionate analysis. GOETHE had once said that HOMER's view of life represents it as a conflict and a hell; Mr. GLADSTONE believes in HOMER to such an extent that he cannot eat his breakfast until he has read his lesson for the day out of it; therefore Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that life is a conflict and a hell. It may be admitted that the House of Commons has not been a cheerful place since Mr. GLADSTONE came into office; but perhaps the *Spectator's* syllogism puts the case too strongly. At any rate it is conceivable that Mr. GLADSTONE's chances of admiration and respect in other quarters might possibly be diminished by an admirer of this kind giving too distinctly the reasons for his preference. The *Telegraph* in its own way was also quite equal to the occasion. It was thrown into a rapture of ecstatic wonderment at finding "the old Oxford spirit so strong in a statesman that the toil of lustrum upon 'lustrum'—here is a delicate touch to show, we suppose, that the old Oxford feeling is strong in the acolyte too—" of "keen Parliamentary warfare has not yet deadened in him 'the old interest in his old studies.'" And then, after likening Mr. GLADSTONE to ALEXANDER the GREAT, who never slept without a scroll under his pillow, and coupling Mr. LOWE's name with that of ALDRICH, as if it were a toast for which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might be expected to return thanks, the writer goes on to observe that "the most wonderful part of the matter, surely, is that a statesman upon whose hand devolves the charge of this 'Empire should, in the midst of toils and labours under which 'most men would utterly break down, find time not only to continue the studies of his youth, but to prosecute them with 'a vigour and an energy which the keenest Heidelberg Professor might envy.'" We do not know exactly what it was that stung Mr. GLADSTONE when he read this article, unless it was its general tone of insufferable adulation. The writer is kind enough to say that he will not refer to Mr. GLADSTONE's writings on HOMER "which already enjoy a European reputation," and the echoes of the appropriately Homeric laughter with which certain parts of the works in question have been received by European scholars may possibly have penetrated even to the back-parlour of the *Telegraph* office. The writer "bethinks" himself of "the theory of PLATO's divine 'Republic,' that it will be ill for the world until the day 'comes when scholars shall be statesmen, and statesmen 'scholars'; but it may perhaps be doubted whether Mr. GLADSTONE's statesmanship and scholarship are exactly calculated to set off each other. They are too much alike for that; for both betray the same qualities of mind, the same bewildering subtlety of discrimination, and incapacity to understand plain words in their natural, obvious, straightforward sense. HOMER is a great study of human nature, and perhaps it is not very wonderful that Mr. GLADSTONE should fail to understand it.

The *Telegraph* and the *Spectator* were quite agreed that nothing could throw so much light upon Mr. GLADSTONE's moral character and mental organization as this little fact about his reading HOMER before breakfast. Unfortunately Mr. GLADSTONE has demolished all this fine writing at a stroke, by declaring that he does not read HOMER every morning, and that he never said he did. In point of fact he has not read HOMER consecutively during the last four years, and "any 'dealings of mine,'" he adds, "with Homeric subjects 'have been confined to a number of days which could readily 'be counted on the fingers.'" All he said at the meeting was that every effort to examine such questions as the Deluge and the migration of races must begin for him with his old friend HOMER. The explanation is rather hard on his admirers; but, after all, if he has made them look rather ridiculous now, he is only paying them in kind for their past services. Even if the story about Mr. GLADSTONE beginning every day with HOMER had been true, it would not have been anything to be ashamed of; indeed, if there had been any chance of his ever getting into the spirit of HOMER, it might have been regarded as rather a hopeful circumstance. Any one capable of really profiting by the study of HOMER would certainly not allow himself to bandy compliments with every fellow who wrote to him in the name of a pot-house club, or be ready to offer himself for cross-examination to all the lunatics in the country. A Protestant clergyman in Ireland wrote to Mr. GLADSTONE the other day to ask him the following questions:—"Can you, as an Englishman, tell Irishmen, as such, 'that you have done to them and theirs [as] in the same case 'you and yours would be done by? Or can you, as a son of man,

"tell Him the Son of Man that you have dealt, and are still 'dealing, with His as He commanded?" To this communication Mr. GLADSTONE thought it necessary to send a reply without loss of time, assuring the writer that he had no difficulty in answering both questions in a clear affirmative. As Mr. GLADSTONE is so fond of answering questions, and giving personal explanations, we may be pretty sure he will have plenty of work cut out for him in this way. Last year he got into a correspondence with Mr. WHALLEY as to the honesty of his religious professions. Mr. WHALLEY wrote to say that it would be a great satisfaction to himself and others to know whether Mr. GLADSTONE was, or was not, secretly a Roman Catholic? Mr. GLADSTONE replied that it would be disgraceful in a person occupying his position to hold one religion and to profess another. Mr. WHALLEY wrote back to say that of course he knew that; but he wanted a plain answer to a plain question. Mr. WHALLEY's friends are now, no doubt, more than ever convinced that the head of the Government is a Roman Catholic in disguise.

Only the other day Mr. GLADSTONE again got into correspondence with a gentleman in the North of England on the same subject. He was asked whether it was true that he had promised next year to proclaim himself a Roman Catholic; and the answer he returned was that this was a falsehood which he had already contradicted—a form of words which leaves his correspondent open to conclude that Mr. GLADSTONE will not confess his real religion just yet. It is surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should not see the futility of answering such letters, and especially of answering them in such a way. It is obvious that a public man who conceals his religion is not to be trusted when he denies it; and upon people who think it even possible that Mr. GLADSTONE should be capable of such conduct the most solemn and positive declarations are simply thrown away. Anybody else in Mr. GLADSTONE's place would probably take no notice whatever of such inquiries; but, if they are to be answered at all, they should of course be answered in distinct and positive language, so as to remove every possibility of misconception or misrepresentation. The statesman who is now so sensitive lest it should be supposed that he wastes his time in reading HOMER was not ashamed to read and to advertise BRADLAUGH's pretty hymn-book; and it is certainly difficult to imagine a more flagrant misuse of time, patience, and Treasury letter-paper than getting into correspondence with people who ask such questions as those to which we have been referring, especially when it is only for the purpose of giving them dubious and unsatisfactory answers.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PAUPER CHILDREN.

BY two recent Acts of Parliament the Legislature has directed that pauper children not belonging to the Church of England may, at the discretion of the Local Government Board, be removed from the workhouse or district school and be maintained at the cost of the ratepayers in a school conducted by members of their own communion. In theory this power applies to children of all denominations, but as Protestant Dissenters usually belong to a class above that from which workhouses are chiefly recruited, it has never, we believe, been exercised or appealed to, except in the case of Roman Catholic children. The object of the anti-Catholic majority of a recent deputation to Mr. STANSFELD, stated shortly, was to ask the Local Government Board not to obey the directions of Parliament. Probably the Guardians who urged this request did not fully understand what was involved in their own prayer. They thought that a discretionary power means a power which may be used or not used, at the arbitrary choice of the person in whom it is vested. It is not an unnatural supposition, because it is the supposition on which Boards of Guardians, Boards of Magistrates, and other similar authorities have frequently aided in carrying out "permissive" statutes. But a Government department cannot with any decency look upon Parliament as an antagonist to be evaded when it cannot be defeated. It must accept a discretionary power in the proper sense of the term, as a power that is to be exercised or not exercised, according to the circumstances of each particular case. No authority which attaches any other meaning to the word ought to have discretionary power given to it. A direction to the Local Government Board to remove Roman Catholic children from Workhouse schools, if they see fit to do so, is in effect a peremptory direction to remove them whenever there is reason for doing so. If the Local Government Board were to act on the assumption that no such reason can ever arise—which is what the majority of the

deputation asked them to do—they would be simply flying in the face of the Legislature.

The memorial of the Guardians may be taken, however, in another sense. If they could succeed in making good their statements, they might fairly hope that the Government would be induced to propose the repeal of the Acts objected to. Looked at in this way, the weak point of the deputation seems to have been that it did not represent the class of Guardians which Parliament had chiefly in view when making the law. The foremost movers in the matter have been the Salford Guardians, and in the Salford Union there appears to be a real desire to deal fairly by Roman Catholic paupers. They pay, it is stated, for the services of Roman Catholic priests to give them religious instruction, and they have set apart a room in the workhouse, which is used solely as a Roman Catholic chapel. At Merthyr Tydvil again the Guardians are described as having made all reasonable arrangements for the education and management of Roman Catholic children, and, as Mr. STANSFELD said, the absence of any complaint from the Roman Catholics of the district is very decided evidence of satisfaction and content. The speeches of the Guardians who supported the memorial on Tuesday have not been reported, but it may be inferred that these facts were appealed to in proof of the position that there is no need for Roman Catholic children to be removed from the Guardians' care. It would not be difficult, however, to find Boards of Guardians who would altogether repudiate this line of argument. They object to the powers vested in the Local Government Board, not because the objects aimed at are already secured, but because they are improper objects to aim at. Those who have read the evidence given some years since before the House of Commons Committee on the administration of the Poor-law will remember the resolution to be no party to the subsidizing of Popish priests, or to the subjection of children to Popish teaching, expressed by some of the Guardians who were examined. There were Boards even in London which refused to keep a Creed Register, or to keep the Roman Catholic priest informed of the presence of Roman Catholics in the Workhouse. There were Boards which gave the priest a grudging admission for the purpose of instructing Roman Catholic paupers, but refused to assign him a room in which to say mass or hear confessions. There is no reason to suppose that the virtue of toleration is better appreciated among this class of persons now than it was seven years ago. It is to be wished that some Guardians of this type had been present with the deputation on Tuesday. Their contempt for the Laodicean indifference which can make provision for teaching Roman Catholic doctrines and practising Roman Catholic rites would have supplied the minority of the deputation with the best possible answer to the representations of the majority. To suppose that average Englishmen can be trusted universally to deal fairly by the children of Roman Catholic paupers is to fly in the face of all experience. Fifty years ago they could not have been trusted to deal fairly by the children of Dissenting paupers. Fifty years hence they may perhaps be trusted to deal fairly all round. But in the interval there is occasionally great need for the intervention of some superior authority in behalf of Roman Catholics. They belong to the one denomination which is unpopular as such, and consequently to the one denomination which stands in danger of having its just claims denied.

Even if we put aside the contingency of openly refractory Guardians, there remain two ways in which Roman Catholic children may not be fairly treated in a workhouse school. The Guardians may be willing to give them the same opportunities of receiving religious instruction and attending religious services that they give to children belonging to the Established Church, and yet may be unable to do so. Or the opportunities may be given, but the effect of them may be neutralized by causes with which the Guardians have nothing to do. The majority of the deputation do not seem to have recognized either of these cases. Yet it is certain that one at least must be of common occurrence. In the Salford workhouse, we are told, there are now forty Roman Catholic children who are either orphans or deserted by their parents, and perhaps several more whose parents are also in the workhouse. Forty children make an appreciable fraction even of the largest school. It is, so to speak, worth while paying a Roman Catholic priest to instruct them, and setting apart a room in which they may attend the Roman Catholic service. But supposing that there is only one Roman Catholic child in a workhouse, how are the Guardians to give it facilities for religious instruction and worship? Are they to maintain

a private chaplain, and a private chaplain for the benefit of a solitary child? Will the Salford Guardians undertake to say that if their forty children dwindled down to one, or even to three or five, the existing arrangements of the workhouse would remain unaltered? If the ratepayers object to having to pay more for a Roman Catholic child who has been removed to a Roman Catholic school than they would have had to pay for him in the workhouse, will they not object still more to paying these exceptional charges for a child who remains in the workhouse? And even if Guardians and ratepayers be alike credited with an exceptional liberality of view, may not one or two Roman Catholic children in the midst of a crowd of Protestant children be exposed to insult and contumely? We do not attach nearly as much importance to this as to the last-mentioned objection, because, if the authorities are in earnest about treating the minority fairly, their action will have a considerable influence on the temper of the school. But still the case may, and probably does, arise from time to time, and when it arises it can only be met by removal.

It does not follow, however, that this removal must of necessity be to a voluntary school. In some instances no doubt this is the most convenient solution of the difficulty. In others, as, for instance, in London, there is another mode of meeting it which would meet all the objections urged by the deputation on Tuesday. There are already in the neighbourhood of London several large district schools. At present the grouping of these schools is local. Each receives children from the workhouses situated within a certain area. Supposing that for the future this principle of grouping were maintained as regards Protestant children, but one particular school were appropriated to all the Roman Catholic children in the metropolitan district—or if these were not sufficient to fill it, in the districts adjoining—the complaint of the Roman Catholic body would be completely disposed of without the cost of maintaining and educating the children being increased, or the children themselves being withdrawn from the control of the Guardians, or incurring the disadvantages, if any there be, of being trained in a Denominational school. In Lancashire a similar plan might easily be adopted. The management of such school might be entrusted to a committee elected by the several Boards of Guardians sending children to the school in proportion to the number of children maintained by them, and the expenses of the school might be defrayed by a contribution from the several Unions calculated on the same principle. The school would be in all respects a workhouse school, subject just like any other workhouse school to the supervision of the Poor-law authorities whether local or central, and maintained by and under the control of the ratepayers. The only difference between it and other similar schools would be that the master and matron would be Roman Catholics, that a Roman Catholic priest would be appointed to serve as chaplain, and that the school chapel would be devoted to Roman Catholic worship. If a few such schools were set up in those parts of the country where there is a genuine demand for them, the Local Government Board might be empowered to remove Roman Catholic children from other parts of the country to these schools in the first instance, and only to remove them to a voluntary school when there is no room in a Roman Catholic workhouse school, or when the Guardians of the Union from which the children are to be removed prefer that they should be placed in a voluntary school. In both these last cases it might be provided that the sum to be paid for their maintenance should not exceed the cost of keeping them at the Roman Catholic workhouse school. We offer this suggestion partly as a means of meeting the solid objections raised to the present system by the deputation, and partly as a touchstone by which to ascertain how far the considerations put forward in their interview with Mr. STANSFELD are those which really actuate them. If they want to be at once economical and tolerant, careful of the ratepayers' pockets and just to Roman Catholic sentiment, here is an expedient which will exactly serve this double purpose.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

THE representatives of various scientific Societies have been requesting the Government to send a new expedition to the Arctic regions. The proposal is that a couple of whalers, with a crew of sixty men each, should follow the well-known route by Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound. One of the ships would be stationed some distance within Smith's Sound, whilst the other would advance as far as possible to the Northward. From the point which it reached sledge parties would start in the early spring, and explore the unknown region in various directions. In

the event of any accident, the expedition could fall back upon the station in Smith's Sound, and thence upon the Danish settlements in Greenland. Various benefits to science are promised as the reward of the expedition, and it is added that "another generation of naval officers will be trained in ice-navigation," and that England will regain its pre-eminence in Arctic adventure. Is it worth while? Do the advantages suggested counterbalance the expenditure and the risk to life which are necessarily involved? Should we reopen that chapter of our naval history which was closed by the last expedition of Sir John Franklin, or should we resolve that such a wildgoose chase is unworthy of a sensible people, and leave the empty honours which it may produce to the Swedes, Germans, and Americans who have taken up the task which we abandoned, or to the voluntary activity of our countrymen?

It is not surprising to find that there is a difference of opinion. The Geographical, Geological, Linnæan, and Anthropological Societies, and various bodies interested in meteorological investigations, are of course in favour of any adventure which promises to accumulate new facts. Captain Sherard Osborne is of course in favour of any adventure which is adventurous. And equally of course there are a good many people who agree with the *Times* that the whole thing is folly. Why spend money and risk life on a matter of sheer curiosity? What good will it do if we give names to a few more plants which pick up a wretched existence in the midst of snow and ice; if we add a few more columns to meteorological tables already sufficiently wearisome to the ordinary mind; or even discover the remains of a race of human beings long cut off from intercourse with the outside world, who can hardly be expected to offer important advantages to British commerce, or even to have developed any new and surprising discoveries in politics or science? If men choose of their own free will and at their own expense to encounter such risks, we can of course have no objection. We shall look on with amusement and be glad to read the account of their exploits as we read the accounts of neckbreaking ascents of the Matterhorn. It might be worth while for an enterprising publisher, or for the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, to send out an expedition on the chance of being able to produce the next sensation of the season. But a Government should abstain from chimerical pursuits and be perfectly indifferent to the curiosities which, according to Mr. Lowe's celebrated illustration, lie "behind the North wind." Let fools or heroes seek for Eldorado at the sources of the Nile or the North Pole if they please; but let us, as befits sensible Englishmen, sit at home, fold our hands, and confine our assistance to bestowing popular applause on the successful and laughing at those who fail.

In all this there is no doubt a certain amount of obvious common sense, though it cannot be regarded as perfectly decisive of the question. The advocates of the expedition have put forward some arguments which are not very impressive, in their anxiety to secure the adoption of their views. We cannot, for example, attach very much weight to the supposed advantages of training a new generation of naval officers in ice-travelling. The accomplishment is not one of very general use. The primary use of our navy is to fight; and it is scarcely probable that the question of naval supremacy will be decided by actions fought amongst icebergs and polar bears. We have not yet learnt the desirable lesson of how to keep an ironclad right side uppermost, or even how to reduce a hostile ironclad to the inverse position; and that is a problem of more vital importance to the navy than the best method of tackling ice-floes and extracting a ship from a floating pack. Even here, indeed, we are reminded by Sir Henry Rawlinson that the experience gained may come in usefully in a few years. We shall have an Antarctic expedition on our hands in 1882, in order to observe the transit of Venus; and it will therefore be very desirable to have officers as experienced as Sir James Ross in varieties of icework. The argument might possibly be encountered by the *Times* by suggesting that we do not care much about the transit of Venus. Why should not that excellent planet be allowed to interpose itself between us and the sun without our exhibiting an indecent curiosity as to its movements? What does it matter to us whether the earth is a few thousand, or even million, miles nearer to or further from the centre of its orbit than we had supposed? We get on very well as it is, and can predict eclipses with quite sufficient accuracy for all purposes of navigation. If we can determine the position of any point on the earth's surface within a mile, why should we bother ourselves to try to make our calculations accurate within an inch? Luckily for the scientific world, there is a creditable sound about the transit of Venus. We have precedents in favour of an accurate observation; and, for some reason or other, it is altogether a phenomenon of which we are no more permitted to speak disrespectfully than of the Equator. Why this should be is one of those mysteries which we are quite unable to explain. Astronomy, whatever the reason, has a position conceded to none of the sister sciences. The minutest fact about a comet is regarded as justifying any amount of trouble expended in its observation; whilst a meteorological, a geological, or a chemical discovery is not entitled to anything like the same degree of interest. The fact seems to be that many people are in the same state of mind in regard to what may be called the junior sciences which is oddly represented in Addison's ridicule of the "Virtuoso." Poor Nicholas Gimcrack is ridiculed in the *Guardian* for the contents of the remarkable will in which he bequeathed his worldly goods to his relations. To his wife, for example, he left a box of butterflies, a drawer of shells, a female skeleton, and a dried cockatrice; whilst he disinherited his eldest

son John for "having spoken disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine," and cut him off with a single cockleshell. Addison declares that he has seen a beetle valued at twenty crowns and a toad at a hundred, and he lays down as a general rule "that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso." The world had yet to learn, and a good part of it has still to learn, that it is really a proof of philosophy to see that important lessons may be learnt from the trifles which it despises. The *Times* obviously regards the gentlemen who wish to investigate the fauna and flora of the Alpine regions, to study the geology and the meteorology of that unknown world, much as Addison regarded a man who took more interest in caterpillars and cockatrices than in the squabbles of Godolphin and Harley. Newton's discoveries had struck the imagination of his contemporaries, but they were unable to conceive that Mr. Darwin could show how the observation of beetles and toads might suggest inquiries as profoundly interesting to the human race as even the order of the solar system.

There is, indeed, a school which maintains on philosophical grounds that all these inquiries into the origin of species and other such profound subjects are pure waste of time, and that we should impose a strict limit upon scientific research. With these philosophers we need not argue at the present moment, for we may safely assume with the overwhelming majority of scientific observers that the remotest inquiries frequently throw a startling light upon questions of daily interest. The real objection does not come from philosophic theorists, but from the popular dislike to any investigation which does not promise an immediate and tangible result. What is it that you expect to find in the Arctic regions? is the question. If there is coal there it will never turn our steam-engines, and therefore it is not worth discovering. Certainly the reply is conclusive from the purely commercial point of view. But, on the other hand, the discovery of coal deposits in the far North may throw a very singular light upon the previous state of this planet, and on the conditions under which coal formations were originally deposited. The representatives of the various Societies have given a long list of other scientific inquiries which might be materially advanced by an Alpine expedition. The mode in which species, whether of men, plants, or animals, are modified by such strange conditions, is well worth examination. What practical conclusions might ultimately follow it is totally impossible to say; but that is the very reason for inquiring. If you could say beforehand that the examination of matter under an entirely new set of conditions would clear up such and such points, and leave such others untouched, we could judge precisely what is and what is not worth examining. What do you expect to discover from examining the precise position of certain dark lines in a spectrum? was a question which might have been very plausibly put to the first inquirers. The answer would have been, We don't know, and that is just why we inquire. Human knowledge is so limited that we cannot safely cut off any part of the field of investigation which is open to us. We cannot tell where the diamonds are buried, and therefore we must systematically turn over every corner of our dwelling-place. Very often our researches will have been thrown away; and still more often we shall make valuable discoveries when we were looking for something entirely different. There is a very large part of the earth's surface of which we know next to nothing except that it has never been systematically examined, and that it is subject to conditions singularly different from any that prevail elsewhere, though they possibly reproduce those which once prevailed over a vastly wider area. Nature has a huge laboratory in which she is ever trying experiments on a gigantic scale. Perhaps we may learn nothing by inspecting the results. Perhaps we should learn nothing if it were possible to make a voyage to the moon. It might show us simply a repetition of just the same phenomena which are presented on the earth. Yet even to learn that would be to learn something; and we may assume that if a million or two of money would suffice to place a scientific expedition on our satellite, the expense would hardly be grudged. Is it not, then, worth while to send a couple of small ships to a region so unvisited and mysterious as the precincts of the North Pole? They may conceivably come home empty-handed, but the chances are that they will accumulate an amount of information which will be a very appreciable contribution to scientific knowledge. If the thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing thoroughly; and as the assistance of Government is a necessary condition to the expedition being fitted out with the desirable completeness, we should hope that it may be granted. The *Challenger* has just been despatched with general approval on a similar mission to better known parts of the world; and we cannot see why the very same people who applauded the liberality of the Government in that instance should complain of an expedition which is a natural complement to the other, and promises to produce results of equal interest and novelty.

The objection that it is more dangerous to go to the North Pole than to the Pacific scarcely deserves any serious notice, if indeed it is not an argument the other way. Whether knowledge of ice-travelling be or be not a desirable accomplishment for our sailors, the spirit of adventure certainly deserves encouragement. We should not encourage sailors or anybody else to run into danger simply for the sake of encountering danger; but when there is a legitimate object to be gained at the peril of a very moderate risk, the risk becomes rather an inducement than otherwise. We are in-

deed coming to arguments which cannot be expressed in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence even so easily as those derived from scientific considerations. And yet they should have their weight. The old feats of Arctic enterprise were well worth the price we paid for them, even though the North-West passage was not a very useful discovery. It is surely worth while, when there is a sufficient excuse for it, to keep up the old traditions of daring and self-reliant enterprise which have done so much for our navy. In days when our sailors could not emulate Nelson and Collingwood, it was something to give them a field for exhibiting qualities which have not much opportunity of coming to light in a Channel cruise. And, finally, there is some allowance to be made even for sheer unadulterated human curiosity. The great dramatic effects which adorned former travels can hardly be repeated. In these latter days there is no room for a Columbus or even for a Captain Cook, but one great prize is still left, and the first man who raises his national flag on the North Pole will have done something to be proud of. We can leave the South Pole to our descendants in the future England of the South Seas. Moreover, it seems highly probable that at any rate a region might be discovered in the Arctic regions where the climate is more tolerable, for consumptive patients and others, than that under which we are now suffering.

However, we are venturing too far from that tangible ground of the commonplace which can alone afford a leverage for moving flesh-and-blood Ministers. We will therefore conclude by saying that Government does little enough for science, and that our navy has little room enough for exploits that can be considered as in any degree bordering on the romantic. When there is such a fair chance of turning their energy to account, with a prospect of a genuine addition to scientific knowledge, we hope that it will not be missed.

FELLOWSHIPS AND TUTORSHIPS.

ABOUT fourteen years ago the Collegiate Societies of the old Universities underwent considerable alteration. A vast deal of discussion took place on academical questions; many changes, some of them very wild ones, were proposed; and something was done. Fortunately there was a good deal of diversity, at Cambridge especially, in the schemes that were adopted, and this affords us now the benefit of some positive experience for the recasting of these systems.

Commissions were appointed with Parliamentary powers, which at one time they showed a disposition to strain to the uttermost, but finally the statutes were framed pretty much according to the views of the governing bodies. Oxford and Cambridge were dealt with in succession, and without any concert; and the directions in which the changes tended were different in the two cases. At Oxford numerous restrictions had existed as to schools and counties, "close" Fellowships had become a bugbear, and the reforming party was more united on the point of the breaking down of preferences than on most others. The removal of the restriction of celibacy and the limitation of tenure were but little entertained; but the "open competitive examination," which was just then in its greatest repute as a contrivance for the impartial distribution of emoluments, was introduced on every possible occasion. Now and then a novel and potent agent is brought forward in the medical world, and young practitioners will prescribe the fashionable drug in all sorts of cases. In course of time it is found that their nostrum has, besides its direct and visible action, certain indirect effects which show themselves only after a considerable interval. The panacea is then apt to fall into a discredit which it did not deserve—a discredit due to indiscriminate and excessive use. Judging from Mr. Mark Pattison's work on Academical Organization, something like this seems to have befallen the system of competitive examinations at Oxford.

At Cambridge the existing preferences were less important than at Oxford; Fellowships had long been awarded according to the result of examinations of some kind, and though the Commissioners endeavoured to introduce the Oxford system, it was stoutly opposed, and, as it now appears, wisely so; the mode of election was but little altered, while the subjects of celibacy and limitation of tenure received great attention. Five of the smaller Colleges removed more or less completely the restriction to celibacy, introducing at the same time a limitation of tenure, and making various provisions in favour of those who had been engaged for a certain time in College work. The larger bodies made slighter changes, but these, as far as they went, were in the same direction. The obligation to take Holy orders, where it existed, was in most of the Colleges relaxed, and in one or two dropped altogether. There are now 207 laymen holding Fellowships at Cambridge and only 126 clergymen, and the proportion of laymen is increasing. In three colleges only are the clerical Fellows in a majority. Cambridge has thus obtained some practical experience as to the working of the changes which are now again coming under consideration. They were felt to be tentative at the time when they were made; it was argued that a certain diversity in the statutes of various colleges would be of service in the state in which academical questions were, and on comparing the arguments then used for and against many of the changes with the results we shall find that those on both sides were often sound.

The reason why we find so many conflicting considerations to have been justified by experience arises from the complex nature of the functions which a Fellowship fulfils. A Fellowship is an

instrument which answers many ends; it might answer some of them better if it were not wanted to answer others also; and the clue to the solution of many of the difficulties lies in the question—Why should we not have two or three different kinds of instruments instead of one? If we are to look on Fellowships as rewards, as the means of keeping alive the higher cultivation which is mainly represented in England by the honour classes at the Universities; or if we are to view them as the topmost flight of that series of "ladders" which brings to the surface elements from the lower strata of society, then we must pronounce for short tenures free from all restrictions, and for pretty numerous rewards of moderate value. We say "numerous," for the promoters of many new branches of University study are clamouring for "encouragement" for them; they declare that, without rewards, they can get no high degree of attainment; and the scanty lists of honours at the Universities which have no Fellowships to offer seem to bear out what they say. But Fellowships are not only rewards. Those who hold them form part of the Governing Body of an educational foundation. In some cases all the Fellows are concerned in the administration of college affairs, in others the management is chiefly in the hands of a body of Seniors; but a certain authority in colleges is always attached to a Fellowship. Now no one in forming a Governing Body would provide that half, or more than half, its numbers should consist of men under two-and-thirty, many of whom might be reading for the Bar or struggling in the outset of professional life of some kind, with no thought to spare for the college, and feeling with respect to every change proposed, "I shall be gone before the effect is felt." Moreover there is the further objection to such a body of electors to college emoluments, that many of them must have been fellow-students and intimate friends of some of the candidates. It is indeed well to secure a due proportion of young blood, but the mixture of ages should correspond to what we find in the world.

The old system, whatever its faults were in other respects, furnished some of the best examples of a right corporate spirit. As a rule, the individual lost sight of himself in the society in a way that is ceasing to be understood. Leases were run out, and building funds accumulated out of income in a liberal way. Young men now look on college emoluments, we are told, as payment for the work done in obtaining them, and they regard the college more as the market to which they have brought their brains than as a family which has received them into a share of its possessions. A brief tenure evidently encourages this feeling. The solution of the difficulty must be sought in dissociating the rewards from the management. Turn some of the Fellowships into a large number of Studentships, or Demiships, or Junior Fellowships—the name matters little—tenable for a short period, and worth about half as much as the Fellowships now are, or a little more. Let the holders of these emoluments be subject to no restriction, but let them be divested of all authority, even of the right to reside in college; for we may imagine cases in which a student might be fairly entitled to reward whom it would not be desirable to retain in a position of influence among the undergraduates. The remaining Fellowships would serve for those engaged in college work, and as rewards for men who really had attained some eminence in science or learning; for academical distinction merely indicates the possibility of such distinction. The restriction of celibacy must be abandoned, but it would be desirable that the tutor should reside within the precincts of the college. Thus the Fellowships proper, which should be conferred without limitation of age or standing, would serve to induce some of the students holding the temporary emoluments to devote themselves to good work, literary or scientific or educational. These Fellowships should be tenable during the time of performing college work, and also as pensions after having so worked for a considerable period, and the government of the college should be in the hands of the Head and the Fellows. A difficult question will arise as to the provision for Tutors and Lecturers in the way of superannuation, for the Fellowship will hardly be sufficient for married men. If this provision be not ample, the abler men will, at starting in life, adopt some calling that offers a better prospect—such as a Mastership, with a "house," at a great school; and, moreover, a Tutor, with a wife and family dependent on him, may be disposed to cling to office when he has ceased to be efficient. When college Tutors were, with hardly an exception, clergymen, the college livings solved the difficulty; but now that a large proportion will be laymen, this difficulty will have to be met, and we must look to a considerable charge coming on the college funds in course of time from this cause.

Besides the functions of Fellowships above named, they do, although the contrary has been alleged, materially assist in the keeping up of a staff of college officials. A college usually pays the Dean and other officers sums varying from 50*l.* to 100*l.* a year. Could they get the work done for this amount if the offices were not held by Fellows? Again, these endowments form a subvention to the fees for Tuition just as the endowments of a grammar school assist the income obtained from the school fees.

Until quite recently the Head of a college could enforce residence on the Fellows, and though this power had fallen into disuse (Bentley used to call it "his rusty sword"), we recollect an occasion on which a late eminent Master of a distinguished college hinted that it might be exercised if the college should be in want of Lecturers; and we believe that there are cases in which tutorial duties are attached by statute to certain Fellowships. Something of a sentiment of duty still lingers

about a Fellowship, so far as to lead those who have a vocation for college work to accept less remuneration than they would get as masters at schools. Young men on beginning to lecture in a college receive from 100*l.* to 200*l.* a year; this sum would not retain them if there were no Fellowship in the background, which Fellowship, it may be observed, is increased in value to a resident by the addition of rooms and the dinner in hall. It must also be noted that, in the majority of colleges, a certain time spent in college work entitles a Fellow to a prolongation of tenure; this is a direct application of Fellowships to payment for work.

The plan we have indicated provides for the remuneration of the tutorial staff in part from the corporate funds, while it strengthens the governing bodies, and leaves a sufficient amount to be distributed purely as rewards, and in the way of assistance towards starting in a career. As the question of the cost of instruction and the amount of tuition fees has been brought forward lately, we will state a few considerations bearing on the matter. Students can now take their degrees in a vast variety of ways. The number of different Schools at Oxford and Triposes at Cambridge is daily increasing; and even a pass man may now choose one out of a dozen avenues to his degree. This variety increases the cost of the educational staff in a ratio at present greater than that in which it is diminished by the expedient of intercollegiate lectures. Moreover, it is now allowed that Tutors must *teach* rather than *lecture*; instead of being content with *telling* the pupils, they must see that they understand and recollect. Thus large classes, which were formerly extolled for their cheapness, are found to be proportionately valueless. In fact the size of a class, beyond a certain maximum differing with circumstances, diminishes its efficiency just as much in a college lecture as is the case with a form at school. This is more particularly the case with the pass men and the majority of students in their first year; for these too the intercollegiate system, admirable for the higher men, does not work well. The reason of this is that the first requisite for doing any good to the class of students in question is that there should be a personal relation of confidence between the teacher and his class; they should form a family party, so that no one should feel hurt at having his shortcomings pointed out before the rest. When such classes are effectively managed, much expense may be saved to the pupils in the way of private tuition; but if classes are small they must be numerous, so that more teachers will have to be provided and the expense is increased.

We find that in colleges there is on an average a staff of eight Tutors or Lecturers for every hundred students; and the fees of one hundred students amount to about 2,000*l.* per annum at Oxford and 1,800*l.* at Cambridge, out of which the value of account-keeping work and business correspondence, which is distinct from the teaching, must be taken at something considerable. Again, administrative ability must be paid for highly, because it commands a higher value in active life, and this kind of ability is wanted for a college Tutor. A person who is likely to be a good college Tutor is one who has some knowledge of human beings and the power of dealing with them; he is not usually the pure man of science; if he is, he will seldom suit a position which is open to constant interruption, and calls for the prompt and constant exercise of practical judgment. He has probably a greater capacity for making his way in the world than the *savant* has, and active life is congenial to him. In order, therefore, to retain him at the University, you must hold out to him prospects as good as those which the outer world will offer, as seen in the hopefulness of youthful imagination. Now, taking the income from tutorial fees, there will not be found any college Tutors, excepting perhaps at one college at Cambridge, who receive as much as 700*l.* a year, and very few who receive as much as 500*l.*, and this represents the income attained by reaching the top of the profession. If we add to this the Fellowship, say 300*l.* a year, we find that college work affords, as its highest prospects, an income which is about half that of a County Court judge, or of the master of a boarding-house at a large school; moreover it is an income which at the present day hardly places a man with a family, who is bound to maintain a certain position and live in an expensive town, in a condition of tolerable ease. The abolition of the restrictions to celibacy and to Holy orders were inevitable, but we must pay a price for them. Bachelor Tutors saved a little money to furnish the parsonage when they got their living; now young men want to marry early. Clergymen were accustomed to moderate expectations in point of income; they were told that they were paid by position; a living of 600*l.* a year bounded their hopes, but laymen of University distinction fix their expectations by the incomes which men of their own calibre make in business or at the Bar. The college livings provided for the Tutors in past times, and afforded a succession and promotion, sometimes too rapid to the college staff. There must still be theological Lecturers, and they may still be so provided for; but the retiring allowances of laymen who have spent their lives in college work will some day form a heavy charge on those college revenues which many people are so pleasantly engaged in forming plans for spending.

Probably the best way of dealing with these questions might be to appoint a Select Committee of the Privy Council, agreeably to the University Act, to consider the schemes which the Colleges will present for new statutes, or to propose schemes if none are presented. Let us hope that any body that deals with the question will look with a careful eye to the amount likely to be

eventually absorbed in vested interests, particularly if existing Fellows be allowed to marry, and also that they will provide that the attraction of Fellowships and Scholarships at the two Universities should be tolerably equalized, so that we may no more be debarred from changes admitted to be beneficial by the consideration, "If we make such or such changes the sister University will outbid us in the competition for attracting able and promising students." The want of concert in certain directions is working mischievously, although we admit the benefit of allowing diversity and perfect independence wherever we can.

LORD HYDE PARK.

SINCE Mr. Vernon Harcourt returned thanks at a public dinner for the Royal Family no event of the kind has created so much sensation as Mr. Ayrton's responding for the House of Lords. It appears to be assumed that the First Commissioner of Works is about to become a member of the body with which he has so graciously and gracefully identified himself; and of course there can be no hesitation in choosing the title by which he will henceforth be known. A great general is naturally proud to associate his patent of nobility with his most glorious victory, and among Mr. Ayrton's many remarkable achievements perhaps none can be regarded as in every way so complete and characteristic as his management of Hyde Park. It is true he fought a series of brilliant engagements at Kew, and in fact there is hardly any branch of the service over which he presides in which he has not more or less distinguished himself in his own peculiar way. But all his other triumphs are trivial in comparison with that of the Park Regulations. Nobody can have forgotten his remarkable picture of himself as a master among slaves—the slaves being the men of art and science, the professional advisers of his department. But, after all, walloping your own niggers is a poor affair compared with the glorious and really daring feat of usurping the authority of Parliament, and setting the mob and the authorities by the ears. It does not require much reflection to see that there are just as good reasons why Mr. Ayrton should be elevated to the House of Lords as why he should ever have been appointed to the office which, strange to say, he is still allowed to occupy. All sorts of men have at different times ruled over the Office of Works, but nobody like Mr. Ayrton was ever seen there before; and if he goes to the House of Lords, he will supply an element which has hitherto been wanting to that assembly. He is in his own person a remarkable contradiction of the idle Latin proverb which Colonel Newcome was so fond of quoting. His connexion with art has certainly not softened his manners, or prevented him from being as wild as when he sat below the gangway. The Noble Savage already bears a courtesy title in the House of Commons. During four years of office he has never for a moment deviated into good manners, consideration for the feelings of others, or any of the weaknesses of civilized society. The rugged grandeur of his character is still untamed. On one occasion the late Lord Derby found it necessary to suggest to Lord Westbury soon after his appearance in the Upper House that he had used language to which the members of that House were not accustomed, and Lord Westbury may soon perhaps have an opportunity of passing on the lesson. The happy family of the gilded chamber will be completed by the addition of a hedgehog of abnormal spikiness. Mr. Ayrton may be expected to infuse not only a little new blood, but also a little life into this effete and languid body. A good many remedies have been proposed at different times for the House of Lords, but the galvanic shock of one of Mr. Ayrton's replies might possibly be found to have a highly stimulating effect.

It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Ayrton's sudden respect for the House of Lords, and presumably his ambition to become a member of it, appears to have had its origin in the fact that the French have lately been thinking of setting up a Second Chamber. If it had been only the Conservatives who had proposed this, Mr. Ayrton would naturally have thought nothing of it; but he has observed that "the sentiment was concurred in by the most revolutionary part of the Assembly." If Mr. Ayrton had pursued his researches a little further he might perhaps have discovered that the French revolutionists have their own reasons for desiring the establishment of a Second Chamber. When there is only one Chamber, it is apt to include men of great independence, ability, and influence, who are not very easily managed, and who are apt to be always turning up awkwardly in the way of the revolutionists. If there were a Second Chamber these highly inconvenient persons could be shunted into it, and they would then be out of the way of doing much mischief. According to this plan the Second Chamber would be a sort of padded room where violent men with strong views on personal liberty, the rights of property, and similar questions, could protest and denounce without doing any harm to themselves or anybody else. Some rash and shallow revolutionists in our own country were lately disposed to get up an agitation for the abolition of the House of Lords; but their shrewder associates did not fail to perceive the danger of a change which would render the House of Commons liable at any moment to be invaded by a number of able and eloquent noblemen. The favourite theory of this party is that it is the business of the House of Lords, as Mr. Ayrton put it, to "assist" the House of Commons; or, in other words, to say ditto to the Lower House, and to pass with obsequious haste whatever measures may be sent up to it. That in the last resort the House of Lords is bound to give

way to the House of Commons is of course perfectly understood; but before that happens the House of Commons may reasonably be expected to show that it really represents the firm and unalterable opinion of the country. Mr. Ayrton was good enough to observe that "the desire of French democrats for a Second Chamber was far stronger testimony than any noble lord could give to the usefulness of another Chamber in the institutions of a country"; but of course everything turns on the sort of usefulness which is kept in view. When Mr. Ayrton reaches the House of Lords he may perhaps discover that the members of that Assembly are not exactly prepared to admit that all they are fit for is to carry the train and do the bidding of their masters, the Commons. Mr. Ayrton went on to congratulate the House of Commons on "its present position"—a remark which might perhaps be construed as a delicate allusion to the prospect of his own removal to another sphere of "usefulness." If this event were really to take place, his colleagues and fellow-members would no doubt have excellent reasons for self-congratulation. Mr. Ayrton also paid a high tribute to the valuable services of the silent members of the House. His own services have been of another kind, and if everybody had spoken as often and as long as himself, it is doubtful whether the important legislation which he says the country owes to the House of Commons would ever have been passed. It may be gathered from Mr. Ayrton's speech that he thinks the House of Commons is never more usefully employed than when it is silent, an exception being of course made in his own favour, and that it is the function of the House of Lords to echo the decisions of the House of Commons. Mr. Ayrton is no doubt quite ready to discharge the functions of both Houses, make all the speeches, and pass his own laws. The recent Park Regulations are not perhaps a very encouraging specimen of this kind of personal government; and the House of Commons has at least some reason to complain that it should have been put to the trouble of discussing and passing a Bill which Mr. Ayrton immediately superseded by a private decree of his own.

We do not know whether there will be any difficulty about conceding to Mr. Ayrton the gratification of the desire at which he so delicately hinted in the jovial company of the Southwark Odd Fellows. We have some recollection of another metropolitan member who thought the best way to induce Lord Palmerston to offer him a peerage was to say that one had been offered to him, and that he had indignantly refused it as an attack on his honour. But Lord Palmerston somehow did not take the hint. The member got his title, nevertheless, for he was thenceforth known as the "Viscount," but unfortunately the title, however honourable in itself, did not carry with it a seat in the House of Lords. We can hardly suppose that Mr. Ayrton would consent to go to the House of Lords as anything less than a Duke, or at the least a Marquis; but if he would only accept as the condition of his peerage an appointment for life in some remote part of the Empire, he might, we should think, have almost anything in the way of titles that he chose to ask for. Perhaps the most appropriate course would be to invent some new dignity, so as to prevent such a remarkable man from being mixed up with ordinary dukes and earls. There is a certain charm in these speculations as to Mr. Ayrton's future, but unfortunately Mr. Ayrton's continuance in office is almost too serious a matter to be joked about. For some time past there have been rumours that Mr. Ayrton was going out to India to hold an important financial office; that he was to be provided for in a permanent post at home; now this place, now that, was named for him. And at the bottom of all this talk, which may or may not have had any foundation for anything we know, there was an unhesitating and unanimous conviction on the part of every one, without distinction of party, who spoke on the subject, that it was a scandal and disgrace—and more than a disgrace, a public danger—that anyone should be allowed to remain in an office for which he had shown himself to be in every way so flagrantly and utterly unfit. Neither the Kew difficulty nor the Hyde Park difficulty are isolated or accidental events. They are only part of the natural and inevitable consequences of the rash, dogmatic, overbearing, inconsiderate, and despotic course of action which Mr. Ayrton has undeviatingly pursued since he went to the Office of Works. In a Parliamentary system it must occasionally happen that a man will be appointed to take charge of a department of the technical or professional work of which he is ignorant. The permanent staff of the department is organized with a view to meet this difficulty. Mr. Ayrton not only knew nothing about the arts and sciences with which he had to deal, but started with a fixed assumption that his ignorance was a mark of moral superiority, and that the chief object for which he held office was to pour contempt on all artistic and scientific men and things. The treatment of Dr. Hooker in regard to the internal discipline of the establishment at Kew, and the treatment of the House of Commons, and, we suppose we may say, of the Cabinet, in regard to the Park Regulations, proceeded from precisely the same reckless arrogance and supercilious confidence. It is not a creditable thing that a Government, merely because it has, or thinks it has, a strong majority, should hold itself at liberty to appoint an obviously and notoriously unfit person to an important office, and to maintain him there, in defiance of public opinion and of universal complaining, after his unfitness has borne fruit in dangerous mismanagement. Nor is it less extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, that it should be deemed impossible to remove an incapable administrator from a position in which

he is doing constant and serious mischief, without at the same time providing him with some other important public employment in which he can continue to exercise his disastrous incapacity.

THE VALUE OF LIFE IN ITALY.

WE learn from Italy that the question of public security is about to occupy the attention of the Chamber of Deputies, and certainly it is sufficiently urgent. In anticipation of the impending attack, for it is believed that the question will be made a party one, the Home Minister, Signor Lanza, stands on his defence in advance, and has presented an exhaustive Report to the Chamber. Signor Lanza makes it his business to demonstrate by figures that things are not quite so bad as the pessimists of the Opposition would represent them. They have begun to improve; the improvement is steady, and on the whole satisfactory. It was only towards the close of last year that the Law of Public Safety which had been passed in the previous July had begun to exercise an appreciable influence; and the criminal statistics for 1872 contrast favourably with those for 1871. In the first nine months of the former year, the murders were 2,286; the attempts at murder not followed by death, 1,486; while in the corresponding period of 1872 the figures are 1,633 and 1,132 respectively. The improvement is certainly encouraging, and a decrease of 24 per cent. in crime may suffice to exculpate the Ministers from the imputations that may be cast on them by party critics. Yet the fact that murders are still of such common occurrence in certain districts argues a lamentable indifference to life, and demands the most serious consideration of the country. As for brigandage, the part of the Report which deals with that matter is far more rosily coloured than our recollections of the seemingly well-authenticated stories that have filled the letters of English correspondents in Italy would have led us to expect. Signor Lanza asserts that rumour, as usual, has greatly exaggerated; that brigandage, although unfortunately it still exists, has yet been so far put down as actually to secure a certain immunity to the few desperadoes who still dare to follow the calling. Certain districts which have had an infamous reputation from time immemorial have been altogether purified; associations of *manungoli*—sleeping partners in a fraternity of crime, who supplied the brigands with aid, comfort, and information—have been broken up; only five provinces are still tainted; and so thoroughly has the work been done that the authorities are able to catalogue the handful of outlaws who continue to set them at defiance. They are thirty-eight in number, and their names and descriptions are apparently enrolled in a black list, which should facilitate their capture. It is possible that it is so, and Signor Lanza's sanguine Report may be reconciled with common rumour by referring to a saving clause which he throws in, as it were, incidentally. After scheduling these eight-and-thirty professional ruffians, he adds, with a certain simplicity, that if others exist they are merely amateurs. It is scarcely necessary to remark on the difficulty of drawing a definite line that shall divide brigands notorious by habit and repute from men who only rob and murder on occasion, and as opportunity tempts them. Nor need we point out how immaterial it is to unlucky victims whether the gentlemen who plunder and threaten them are avowed thieves, or have a certain reputation to take care of. Indeed, in the latter case they may be the more dangerous of the two, as having strong personal reasons to shield themselves from detection by adding murder to robbery, should prudence seem to advise it. And the circumstance that amateur brigandage is and always has been so frequent is the strongest reason that can be adduced for cutting at the root of the evil. It argues excessive laxity of the moral tone when a man can withdraw for safety into the herd of his neighbours, carrying his ill-gotten booty in his blood-stained hands, knowing that either for fear or favour he can assure himself at least of their silence and passive complicity. And it is owing to that demoralized tone of feeling, coupled with a reassuring sense of the weakness of the law and the executive, that Signor Lanza's thirty-eight professionals find it possible to conduct their trade so that the gains may outweigh the risks. It was but the other day that the celebrated Manzi made prize of Signor Mancusi in the market-place of a provincial town while peaceably talking to a neighbour. For weeks the brigand chief dragged his unlucky prisoner about, playing successfully at hide and seek with the numerous troops detached in pursuit of him. At last he obtained his demands in full—no less a ransom than 12,000*l.* sterling; and although, no doubt, the speculation paid him well, it is equally certain that his disbursements must have been enormous. He can only have eluded the chase of the troops by the very general connivance of the peasants and mountain villagers. Mr. Moens's book on brigandage gave an idea of the cost at which a proscribed criminal must buy silence, information, or provisions.

It is plain that, if Italy is to fulfil the destinies which the Italians reasonably predict for their country, she must begin by extending to the centre, the South, and the Islands the comparative security enjoyed by her Northern provinces. It is equally plain that there is but one course to pursue if she is to arrive at a result so desirable, and that inveterate diseases can only be cured by the sharpest and most decisive remedies. Signor Lanza admits as much when he points to the successful working of the Public Safety Act as a step in the right direction. The fact is, that if, previously to the present year, crime has tended to increase rather than to diminish, the cause must be

sought in some relaxation of activity on the part of the authorities. We are ashamed to have to own it, but we English cannot hold ourselves altogether innocent in the matter. Some ten years ago, Count Cavour, an honest man and a patriot if ever there was one, had resolved to effect the regeneration of the Southern provinces, and, as his manner was, he went about it in earnest. Flying columns of bersaglieri under energetic leaders were ordered upon duty in the mountain districts that were most infested by the brigands. The leaders were given to understand that they would be supported at head-quarters if they did the business thoroughly. The consequence was that they went to brigand hunting with a will, and showed little leniency to the peasants who gave information to the enemy and interfered with their sport. The country was being made too hot for the robbers, and, what perhaps was more important, the sentiment of terror was being enlisted on the side of law and authority. Any peasant detected in communication with the outlaws was promptly judged, sentenced, and shot. It is conceivable that some innocent victims may have been sacrificed to the operation of martial law, although connivance was so universal that we are inclined to doubt it. It is intelligible that men should feel a certain sympathy for ignorant peasants being punished severely for sins which their fathers and grandfathers had committed almost with impunity. There must always be some hardship in the rough and ready justice administered under pressing considerations of the public safety, for martial law is simply the shortest way of extrication from a situation that is becoming intolerable, and short ways are generally rough ones. Yet, if ever circumstances excused strong measures, excuse for the severity of the Italian authorities was to be found in the condition of Southern Italy. If ever measures are to be judged by results, the wisdom of Cavour's unflinching policy was indicated beyond possibility of objection. However, to a certain set of English humanitarians in high places it seemed otherwise. Some Conservative peers and pseudo-philanthropists, who had perhaps more sympathy with old abuses than with the promise of the better things that might succeed them, espoused the cause of the hardly-treated "amateur brigandage." They argued eloquently as if Calabria were Kent, and as if the outrages that came of blood-feuds in the Islands and the Abruzzi were identical with the casualties arising out of drunken brawls in Middlesex public-houses. The Ministers of the day yielded, not unwillingly perhaps, and consented to remonstrate with the Italian Premier, then hopefully engaged in establishing the foundations of order in the face of difficulties innumerable. The ill-timed remonstrances of constitutional England increased these difficulties incalculably, and Cavour found his hands weakened from the very quarter where he might have confidently looked for support. Thenceforth he was constrained to modify his policy; the brigands and murderers caught by the soldiers and gendarmes were judged in ordinary course of law, and consigned to ordinary Italian prisons. Ever since humanitarianism has been in the ascendant convictions have been rare, capital punishments almost unknown, and this year there have been 1,633 murders; while Southern Italy has scandalized Europe by the discreditable circumstance of the Manzi-Mancusi affair.

The moral is obvious, and carries us back to the point we started from. Desperate diseases and flagrant crimes demand sharp remedies and summary justice. The present administration of the laws imposes no adequate restraint either on the adventurous ruffians who betake themselves to a brigand life, or on the unbridled passions that vent themselves in brawls and murder. As things are, all the chances are in favour of the culprit. His neighbours sympathise with him, and shield him from arrest. If he has injured them, rather than invoke the assistance of the law they would avenge themselves in the good old lawless fashion. If the criminal is arrested, it is the hardest thing in the world to find evidence against him. If the evidence is forthcoming, juries are afraid to convict and judges to condemn. If he is condemned and convicted, and consigned to prison, his permanent detention is more than problematical. Escapes more or less mysterious are of everyday occurrence; and the more infamous his crimes have made him, the more probable it is that he will find the means of bribing or intimidating his gaolers. Finally, if he should be actually executed through some extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, the press of the country raises a sentimental wail over his unhappy fate. The comment of the Neapolitan journals on the recent execution of a couple of atrocious murderers was that one murder had been punished by two others. So long as such morbid sentimentality expresses the feelings of society, so long will it be impossible to recall the Italians to a real respect for the sanctity of human life. The subject is one that calls imperatively for full discussion and a frank expression of opinion; and we cannot but hope that the promised debates in the Chamber will result in strengthening the hands of the Executive, and enabling it to apply the stringent remedies that are indispensable.

THE SUNDAY REST ASSOCIATION.

WE are not sure whether the "Sunday Rest Association," which sent a deputation the other day to the Archbishop of Canterbury, is identical with the "Lord's Day Rest Society," on whose proceedings we took occasion to make some comments last year. But the similarity both of title and of object, and the fact that some of the same names occur in both reports, suggest a close relationship, if not absolute identity, between the two

bodies. In one respect, indeed, the deputation of Tuesday last showed more discretion than the meeting of July, 1871, summoned to protest against "the virtual repeal of the Act of Charles II." against Sunday trading, which Lord Shaftesbury described as the most remarkable Act and one of the most valuable ever passed by the English Legislature. The Sunday Rest Association now disclaims all intention of threatening delinquents with the penalties of the law—possibly from experience of the ill-success of the Rev. Bee Wright's little crusade—and announces its desire to pursue its end by the milder means of persuasion only. And we observe that, in accordance with the name it has assumed, the spokesmen of the Society judiciously abstained, with one exception, from any reference to "the Sabbath." Their cautious reticence on this point almost encourages us to hope that the advocates of "Lord's Day observance" have at length attained to some sort of perception of the long-forgotten circumstance that Saturday is the day before Sunday, and not a synonym for the same day. But, considering how deeply ingrained the opposite belief has become in the popular Protestant mind—indeed it has received no little countenance of late years from the language of Catholic ecclesiastics in France—it may not be wholly superfluous to recall attention to the broad distinction drawn between the observance of the Sabbath and of the Lord's Day in the legislation and ordinary practice of the Christian Church from the beginning. It is true certainly that a custom prevailed in the East in early times, which may have been partly derived from Jewish tradition, of honouring the Sabbath as well as the Sunday by public worship and celebration of the Eucharist; and the Apostolic Constitutions order that on both days slaves should enjoy rest from their labours. But in several of the Eastern Churches Wednesday and Friday were also observed in much the same manner, in memory of the Betrayal and Passion of Christ; and the Council of Laodicea in 360 expressly forbade any Judaizing method of observance. In the Western Church, in marked contrast to all Jewish usage, Saturday was observed as a fast, in memory of the Burial of Christ, and as being the eve of the weekly festival of the Resurrection; and on these grounds it was ordered to be so kept in a decree of Pope Innocent I. But from the first Sunday was everywhere observed as a festival. One of the canons of Laodicea directs that it shall be specially consecrated to religious worship, and that all Christians shall abstain from worldly business, if they are able, and all were held bound to attend the celebration of the Eucharist. As soon as the Empire became Christian, the law of the State added its sanctions to the ecclesiastical ordinance. Constantine commanded the suspension of military exercises, and of all suits and courts of justice, on Sunday, with an express reservation, however, that the formal emancipation of slaves might take place on that day; and a later law of 386 rigorously enforced his legislation, and generally prohibited all civil transactions on a Sunday under the penalties of sacrilege. On another point which modern Sabbatarians have much at heart there seems to have been less uniformity and strictness of rule in ancient times. Before the conversion of the Empire Christians were positively forbidden to frequent public shows of all kinds on any day of the week, on account of their immoral and idolatrous incidents; but St. Chrysostom and other Fathers of the fourth century complain bitterly of the Church being deserted for the theatre when these spectacles fell on any religious festival, and moreover, many citizens were compelled to take part in them officially, and were thus interrupted in their devotions against their will. It was accordingly resolved at a Synod held in 401 at Carthage to petition the Emperor that public shows might not take place on Sundays, and some years later a law to that effect was enacted. But the ground taken all along, both by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, was the interruption of divine worship caused by these exhibitions, not any supposed sinfulness in attending them on Sunday. Medieval practice was certainly in favour of Sunday amusements for the people. Nor is it at all the case in the present day, as is often supposed, that the strict observance of Sunday is a peculiar boast of Protestantism, unless we confine our observation to the Protestantism of Great Britain. On the contrary, "the Continental Sunday" which is spoken of in many quarters with such a pious horror is seen at its worst, not in Catholic, but in Protestant, cities and countries. Shops are open in Berlin and closed at Munich; at Lucerne "the Sabbath"—though of course, it is not so designated—is strictly observed, while at Interlachen it is ostentatiously ignored. The opera, no doubt, is open everywhere alike, and it is equally attended by religionists of either creed.

But now it is time to say something of the various proposals made by the deputation of the Sunday Rest Association who waited on the Archbishop at Lambeth Palace the other day to request his co-operation in "several fresh efforts" for the furtherance of their scheme. Their first suggestion, for holding a meeting at the Lambeth Baths, is at least innocuous enough, though we should hardly perhaps ourselves have been disposed to attribute as much importance to it as his Grace appears to have done when he promised to preside at the meeting at eight o'clock on February 5, "although the state of his health prevented him from attending evening meetings." The next proposal was at least a more original one—namely, that the Archbishop should walk some Sunday morning, in company with a few friends of the Association, through the New Cut, where Mr. Murphy assured him he would be received with the greatest courtesy, and address the people on the subject of Sunday trading. To this also he

assented—some persons will think, with imprudent facility—and we can quite believe that a certain impression may be made on the inhabitants of the district, for the moment at least, by the interest thus manifested in their welfare. It used to be a favourite reproach against the Church of England that she was “dying of dignity,” and Dr. Newman sums up a very similar indictment, if we remember rightly, in one of his incisive lectures on “Anglican Difficulties,” by observing that the appropriate function of English bishops is “to bury or baptize or marry Royalty.” A good deal has been done during the last twenty years by more than one member of the episcopate to wipe away that reproach, but the spectacle of an Archbishop of Canterbury taking a morning stroll through the New Cut and addressing a friendly discourse in passing to the shopkeepers and costermongers is certainly one which it would have been difficult to realize in the days of Archbishop Howley, not to say Archbishop Longley. The experiment may be well meant, but we had rather not commit ourselves to an opinion as to its wisdom. The next proposal of the deputation, to which also his Grace appears to have acceded, is a more clearly questionable one. It is not easy to see how their professed desire “to plead with the people who are at present desecrating the Sabbath” can be satisfied by discharging a general broadside of sermons from all the Anglican and Dissenting pulpits in the country, on a given Sunday, at the heads of those who prove by their presence that they are doing their best to consecrate the Sabbath. That “the drum ecclesiastic” will be beaten with very considerable loudness if the suggestion is carried out we can quite believe; but the music is not unlikely to be discordant as well as loud. From the extreme High Church view, which places the observance of Sunday precisely on a par with the observance of the feast of St. Faith V. and M., and the Friday abstinence, to the extreme opposite view, which rests it wholly and solely on the Fourth Commandment and knows of no other authority or intention for the Christian than for the Jewish Sabbath, every variety of theological or untheological estimate of the day is pretty sure to find utterance somewhere or other in the ten thousand pulpits of the Established Church, to say nothing of “the ministers of all denominations” who are also apparently expected to respond to the Archbishop’s invitation to devote Sunday, February 16, to the delivery of these special sermons. Whether the Sabbath-breaking shopkeepers who are engaged in their unholy traffic would be profitably impressed by this consentient diversity of exhortation, it is perhaps hardly worth while to inquire, as they will, *ex hypothesi*, be precluded from hearing it. Possibly some dim vision of a world, once the unacknowledged terror of our childhood, “where congregations ne’er go out, and Sabbaths never end,” may be waited to those who ply their trade in the more immediate proximity of what Mr. H. J. Simpson calls “our churches and chapels;” but on the whole we should fear the special Sunday would leave them very much what and where they were before. Meanwhile they are not likely to be greatly propitiated by learning from the Rev. Mr. Tyler of Spitalfields that the proposed “opening of the [British?] Museum on Sundays” is a peculiar abomination in the eyes of the Sunday Rest Association. That there is very much to be said against Sunday theatres we readily admit; but what possible harm could result from throwing open museums and picture galleries, for at least some portion of the day, to those who have little opportunity of inspecting them at any other time, it is hard to understand. Such a concession would probably do more to empty the beershops than the churches, and would certainly exert a civilizing influence on many who are too much in need of it. Does any one seriously imagine that the inhabitants of Bethnal Green would be less religious if they were able to inspect the noble collection of pictures—largely composed, by the way, of sacred pictures—now on view among them, on a Sunday? We should be sincerely sorry to see the national observance of Sunday discontinued in England, for many reasons; but it could not be more fatally undermined than by attempting, whether by legal restraint or moral pressure, to engraft on it the narrow rigidity of a Puritan Sabbath, which even Scotland is beginning to rebel against as a yoke too heavy to be borne.

BOTH SEXES AT THE BAR.

A PARAGRAPH appeared lately in a newspaper under the title of “The Bar as a Step towards Marriage,” and it produced a momentary impression that the Bar spoken of was the same as that which is a step towards commissionerships, judgeships, and other valuable appointments. There would be, indeed, this difference, that the longer a man’s standing at the Bar the more eligible within limits he is thought to be for Bench or Board; but this does not apply to marriage, for which increase of years can hardly be considered a qualification. It is, however, quite true that barristers have always commanded a premium in the matrimonial market, as may be learned from the reported case of Serjeant Salkeld, who, being required upon a treaty of marriage to make a settlement corresponding to the lady’s fortune, offered a certain value in land, and himself as equivalent for the remainder. “The said W. S. doth humbly conceive himself an equivalent,” he wrote, “if he be of double the value of the young lady’s estate. Three to one is the full proportion in men of no prospect or education; and therefore he thinks upon allowance in this respect he can’t strictly be required to be worth above 4,000*l*.” It thus appears that in the year 1700 a man of education and prospect, and thirty years

of age, was worth 2,000*l*., and this not only in his own estimation (where barristers, to do them justice, generally stand pretty high), but also in the matrimonial market of society. By comparing the prices of oil, butter, and other commodities in that year with the present, we may arrive at an approximately correct valuation of a barrister of thirty years of age, and by the help of an actuary’s table his valuation at other ages may be obtained. As it is the fashion to take comprehensive views of everything, the matrimonial prospects of barristers ought to be considered in framing the new scheme of legal education of which we hear so much. Such a scheme ought at least to make provision for teaching all those accomplishments by which gentlemen obtain notice and favour in ladies’ eyes. There is, for example, dancing, in which many barristers and judges of former days have excelled. It begins to appear as if the young men of our day would leave off dancing altogether, but it may still be said that if a man does dance he ought not to do it awkwardly. There are, as we know, many substitutes for dancing as a means of introduction between the sexes. A barrister who can in no other way obtain access to the society of ladies may appear and make a speech at some meeting held to agitate for the ladies’ rights. But still it is desirable to arm oneself at all points for social contests, and therefore dancing ought, we think, to be taught at any legal University worthy of the name. The importance of barristers in society may be estimated by the many popular novels which represent them either as having, or as about to get, all the best things going. There is Mr. Anthony Trollope’s last story, *The Elusive Diamonds*, in which a clever and pushing barrister is considered by his friends, and probably by many readers, as absolutely throwing himself away upon a girl who has nothing to bring to him beyond her love. The disappointment of his parents at seeing him about to be disposed of at this alarming sacrifice can only be paralleled by that of Polly Peachum’s father and mother when she avows her passion for Captain Macheath:—

And when she’s drest all in her best,
With rings and things so gay;
As men should serve a cucumber,
She flings herself away.

Here is a barrister of education and ability, and of prospects not only legal but Parliamentary, whom a lovely young widow with 4,000*l*. a year would marry for the asking, and, instead of appraising himself according to the scale furnished by Serjeant Salkeld, he fixes his own matrimonial value at absolutely nothing. The novels of Miss Braddon are equally full of successful barristers, but she does not understand the subject on which she writes so well as Mr. Trollope. She cannot resist her propensity to lay on colour, and she would not scruple to combine in the same character the qualities of a successful *Nisi prius* advocate and a profoundly erudite conveyancer. She is, however, true to life in this—that her barristers generally succeed in it.

All this time, however, we have been wandering from our proper subject. The “bar” of which we have to speak is not that from which are poured forth streams of eloquence, but a bar which dispenses, according to some authorities, that which is the cause of eloquence. We are happy to learn that the restaurant counter is becoming “a matrimonial market of a most advantageous kind.” According to our experience, it is not an advantageous market for anything else. The liquor sold is usually bad, and the food is detestable. There has been some little improvement, but in the main Dickens’s description of the refreshments at Mugby Junction is still correct. The sandwiches and pork pies are the same as they used to be, but increased care is now bestowed upon the ornamentation of the glass and crockery. This perhaps is a new application of the old saying, that life is short and art is long. Food and drink are good to-day and spoiled to-morrow, but cups and plates, if not broken, may last for ever. The managers therefore prefer to spend their money not upon the transitory but the perennial. We do not know upon what principle, if any, they choose their barmaids, or whether they place them under any limitations or conditions as regards dress. The outward splendour of these attendants is certainly increased, and we are told that many of them possess education and accomplishments. In fact, there is improvement in all the accessories, but the refreshments supplied at these bars—which we should have thought the essential matter—remain nearly what they were. But of course, if a man can obtain pleasant conversation, he may endure a dry sandwich or a muddy cup of coffee. It is said that these bars have often led to matrimonial introductions. And of course, if a young lady is intent upon her own happiness, it would be unreasonable to expect her to consider our comfort. We must be content with such fragmentary notice as she condescends to bestow on us. The managers perhaps would prefer young ladies who were not seeking an advantageous settlement in life—that is, if they could get them, which they probably could not. There have been strikes enough already, so it is better to allow these young ladies to do, as much as possible, as they like. It may be our own obtuseness that has prevented our recognizing behind these bars those young persons of “excellent social position” who are said to have taken places at them. The principle of stooping to conquer is recommended by experience, and it is probably true that the want of an introduction prevents many marriages. Of course a lady cannot allow a gentleman to address her without this ceremony, and we believe that those who have dispensed with it are designated as “pick-ups” in the society whose rules they have contravened. But at the same time everybody is aware that introductions depend very much on times and circumstances,

and ladies who remain year after year without an offer at home may perhaps obtain one by changing the venue, as lawyers say, to Switzerland.

The authority from whom we have before quoted tells us that in no other occupation would the same class of girls find equal opportunities as behind bars. We might add that a certain class of men would nowhere find as good an opportunity as in front of bars. Young Marlow, as we remember, was struck dumb in the presence of Miss Hardcastle, but he could talk glibly to the supposed barmaid. If these bars really do afford facilities for contracting marriages, a new light is thrown upon the vexed question as to the sale of what are opprobriously called intoxicating liquors. It seems hard to impose restrictions upon almost the only matrimonial market that exists. Governesses, we are told, seldom marry, and doubtless the reason is that the least symptom of a disposition towards flirtation is certain to be followed by notice to quit. If ever there should arise a strike of governesses against the tyranny of the ladies who engage them, it will be difficult to persuade men that the governesses are not justified in rebellion. Milliners and dress-makers are watched during the hours of business by Argus eyes, and if they resort to places of amusement, they are exposed to solicitations which are not apt to end in marriage. After considering these things we almost feel, in spite of all the teaching of the Alliance, disposed to recommend that there should be more refreshment-bars, and that they should be open for longer hours, and particularly on Sundays. It is improper to go up to a respectable girl in the street and tell her that it is a wet day. But it is proper to go up to her at a bar and ask her for a glass of beer, and then to proceed to offer an original and interesting remark upon the weather. The post-offices, we are happy to observe, are worked to a large extent by women some of whom are neither inattentive to their appearance nor insensible to the opportunities which their duties afford them for fascination. By the purchase of one postage-stamp daily an admirer might enable himself to see and hold brief converse with his adored. The lady might usually be trusted to penetrate his secret, and to afford him some means of revealing it if she were so disposed. There is, of course, this difference between a post-office and a refreshment-bar, that a man cannot reasonably linger at the former after he has obtained what he wants, but on the other hand he can buy two postage-stamps on separate visits for the price of a single glass of beer. But all this points to the necessity for the establishment of a legitimate market for marriages under proper regulations. It would be easy, for example, to open an introduction-office at a seaside resort. It may be argued that, if a thing is meant to be done indirectly, it may as well be done directly. If "young persons of excellent social positions" go behind bars for the sake of getting married, neither they nor their parents need be ashamed of taking other at least equally harmless means to the same end. There was a story a few years ago of a gentleman who went to Scarborough, saw a lady and admired, saw again and admired more, and at last summoned courage to speak, and was not discouraged. Within a month after the introduction thus effected the parties to it were married. It is true that the family of the gentleman alleged, rightly or wrongly, that he was mad; but that circumstance, even if true, does not to our mind affect the value of the precedent. The lady at any rate got a husband, and the worst that could be said of her by her own sex was to call her a "pick-up." The ladies who go to the bar as a means of success in life have our best wishes, and we are quite ready to believe that they are better than their surroundings, which we, perhaps through prejudice, do not find attractive or satisfactory. A man who gets a good wife need not complain of a bad pork-pie.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY, 1872.

WAMBA, the son of Witless, complained that the truces with the Saracens made him an old man; for, said he, "I remember three of them in my time, and each was to last fifty years." Something of this sort happens to ourselves with regard to the Westminster Plays. They appear to be always at hand. They remind us that we must soon prepare for our fiftieth or sixtieth Christmas, as the case may be. They are not exactly *memento mori's*—*absit omen*—but they assuredly are mementoes of the rapid flight of time, and so are invested with a moral gravity of which Terence never dreamt. But, if they cause us to number our days, and perhaps our hairs also, these annual monitors are never unwelcome harbingers of Christmas and New Year. Pleasant it is to watch the faces in the *parterre* marked by deep interest in the performers, moved by recollections of days when many of those who are now spectators were then actors, and of prizes won and applause received for skill and valour in the battle of school-life. Pleasant also to see reflected from the stage looks of recognition and joy; for are not holidays at hand, and is not there a *pater Æneas* or an *avunculus Hector* warming his hands by clapping them, and crowing like chanticleer with pleasure at the acting—to say nothing of the fluttering of fans and waving of white handkerchiefs from the seats on the prompter's side?

It is a disadvantage, more than once noted in the columns of this journal, that the repertory of Latin plays is so limited. That it necessarily is so we are well aware. The New Comedy of the Greeks, with its offspring the Latin Comedy, although far less immoral than many of the plays that delighted the spectators of

Dryden's or Mrs. Afra Behn's dramas, or than many French plays "patronized by the Nobility and Gentry" of these days, is far too outspoken, too apt to call a spade a spade, for the more delicate, or at least more scrupulous, ears of a modern audience. Yet this swift recurrence of three or four Terentian plays, and one of Plautus's—and that a very poor sample of his skill—has its inconveniences. We like hares and partridges well, but it is possible to have enough of either; and once more we plead for an addition to the circle of Westminster representations—the excellent *Captivi* of the elder of the two extant Roman stage poets. There may be an objection or two against this innovation. The piece is of a graver character than either the *Trinummus* or the *Adelphi*, the *Andria* or the *Phormio*; it is indeed more a tragic-comedy than a comedy proper. Again, the *Captivi* furnishes few, if any, examples for the Latin grammar; and, seeing that such citations are always greeted by the audience with particular joy, perhaps there might be a comparative dearth of *plaudites* were this stranger added to the list of plays licensed by the Head-Master of Queen Elizabeth's Theatre, Westminster.

Not so many years ago as to have quite passed away from the memory of the living, some of them perhaps present at this last performance of the *Adelphi*, it was the fashion to write—perchance to read also—books on the subject of education, although in those comparatively benighted times the most enthusiastic and sanguine projector of "a right institution of youth," as Milton termed it, dreamt not of Parliament taking up the matter, or of School Boards being provided for carrying it into effect. In these books the seeds of some present disputes were sown. It was discussed whether women were reasonable creatures enough to be taught anything beyond the three R's and a little music, much dancing, and a good deal of "deportment." We are much mistaken if the art of getting into and out of a carriage were not among the lessons given to young ladies. Many pages did the Edgeworth family devote to such lucubrations; many also Mrs. Hannah More. Much difference was there about the respective merits of public and private training, much about the superiority of science over literature, of modern over ancient languages, of a soothing system over a severe one in conveying knowledge; all which feuds are now pretty nearly sleeping the sleep of the just. Some notion of what was then considered a befitting education, at least for maidens, may be gathered by very patient readers from Mrs. More's *Strictures on Female Education* and her *Education of a Princess*, the particular princess being "Charlotte of Wales." These in their generation were a kind of text-books in good men's houses, a sort of cousins to the Scriptures, or to *Sermons by Eminent Divines*. But now in our profane state either might be supposed to have been the combined work of Dogberry and Verges. In a far more sensible as well as more genial manner, Terence, in his comedy of *The Brothers*, reads a lecture to parents and guardians on the proper mode of training sons and wards in the path they should go. He shows what came of the severe, what of the mild, or rather *laissez-faire*, method; he shows also how thoroughly and easily a stern parent may be hoodwinked by his sharp-witted son; and how, on the whole, the advice given by a wise woman to an anxious inquirer about training—"Practise a good deal of wholesome neglect, my dear"—was in the end the better. The Terentian brothers—Ctesipho, the home-bred, and Æschinus, the city-bred—did not indeed either of them make a very promising start in life; yet of the two the city-bred, who was let alone by his indulgent uncle Micio, turned out better than the home-bred, who was guided by his ever-scolding and often scourging father Demea. Whether our sage, grave Edgeworths or Hannah were more lucky in their zeal for juvenile virtue than Demea proved to be cannot be told.

A printed prose sketch of the plot, introduced two or three years ago, was greeted as a friendly act by most of the audience at Westminster; it might so happen that many of them had never read, while some but imperfectly recollected, the story represented. This year, in place of a mere synopsis, they are treated with a poetical guide, which not merely gives useful knowledge, but some amusement also. Did space permit, we should be disposed to give our readers the full benefit of this rhymed prologue—an excellent representative of the short metrical sketch in Latin prefixed by certain old grammarians to the comedies, and we should thus spare ourselves the pains of telling, and others of reading, an oft-told tale. As space does not permit, we must content ourselves with a few stanzas of this convenient aid.

After introducing the churlish widower Demea, who held with Solomon that to "spare the rod was to spoil the child," and the mild and genial old bachelor Micio, who seems to have been, like Menenius Agrippa in *Coriolanus*, "a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in it," the young men, both of them Demea's sons, are thus described:—

The youngest, Ctesipho, at home was taught,
Was duly lectured, disciplined, and scolded;
Rose early; read, walked, and, as Demea thought,
Into a rural innocent was moulded.

But, as for Æschinus's uncle and guardian, Micio, he

Loved the city, and, forsooth,
Ne'er thought of looking after his adopted;
But if he told the truth, and all the truth,
Whatever prank was played, he never stopped it.

"The Fates," however, and Sisters Three, and "such like branches of learning" ordained that both these young men, so oppositely brought up, should get into similar trouble. One marries a girl

"without a penny," and has a small child before he is out of his teens; the other falls in love with a slave girl, who of course has the same amount of no-fortune. The master of the latter, one Sannio,

Engaged in trade,
Had put into Peiræus for a cargo;
Here Ctesipho the girl's acquaintance made,
And thought to lay upon her an embargo.
He heard the story of her captive life,
But wanting cash, there was but one resource—
To set her free, and take her for his wife
As Mrs. Ctesipho—and that was force!

Force accordingly is employed—Ctesipho and Æschinus break Sannio's street-door, and also his head; assault and battery which naturally hurt the slave-merchant's feelings. He is not without some ragamuffin friends, capable of breaking down the rails in Hyde Park; but when that good man Micio offers to pay damages and buy the girl, *that* was business, and he compounds for his bruises, and pockets his wrongs and the money.

Now for Demea, when he found that his sober and saintly Ctesipho was no better than one of the profane, this was worshipping intelligence. For a while he had crowded exceedingly over his brother Micio, since Æschinus, the married man, had taken upon himself all the blame of this raid. He had chuckled over Micio's precious system of education, and blessed the gods for his own discreet severity. An angry man and a vexed was Demea, quite as much so as a universal philanthropist commonly is when his sheep turn out to be little better than wolves. Moreover, he is made a fool of by the cunning slave Syrus, who sends him on a sleeveless errand to the further end of Peiræus, if not of Athens—"to seek the younger brother far and wide."

Virtue is not exactly rewarded or folly punished in the *Adelphi*. For Micio, whom one might expect to be recompensed for all his trouble, is told by Demea, who has veered entirely round from "grave to gay,"

just to practise what he teaches
And marry Sostrata, his son's wife's mother;

and, besides that, to give liberty to the drunken knave Syrus and his wife, and to make Hegio, almost a stranger to him, a present of some of his landed property. This final settlement of affairs, if really enforced, must be accounted a hard bargain for Micio. For Sostrata has shown that she has a tongue, and, like Mrs. Weller senior, also "a good notion of using it." Then, being his adopted son's (Æschinus) mother-in-law, she is doubtless well acquainted with Micio's easy temper, and, on becoming his wife, will probably read him many a certain lecture.

There is nothing perhaps in which nations differ more widely from one another than in the character of their humour. Lord Byron says in one of his letters that an Englishman might live many years in Italy, perhaps even all his years, without understanding the humour of the modern Romans, Florentines, or Venetians. We see through a glass darkly the *vis comica* of Calderon; and it is by no means easy to laugh heartily at German wit. Molière, perhaps, is the one exception among foreign writers of comedy who is intelligible to all lands and readers and spectators. His is the most catholic of humour, and even in his case his farces are far more intelligible to us than his regular comedies. Nay, even in the same nation, the fashion of wit passes away. It is certain that many of Ben Jonson's scenes at the time, at least in his better plays, touched the risible faculties of audiences; and yet now it is not very easy even for a reader to smile at them. Far wider, however, is the space between the jokes and satire which amused a Greek or Roman audience and those which delight us in the theatre. The forms and manners of ancient life were, in comparison with ours, so simple that they appear to our judgments wanting in variety, if not altogether meagre. Really to apprehend the fun of Aristophanes, the reader must start with a good supply of Greek history and biography; and had we before us the dramatists of the New Comedy, we ought to have made a long visit to Athens or Corinth, and lodged and boarded with Demea or Micio, before we could enter into their very opposite ways and characters. That the Romans of his time, though many, if not most, of the higher and educated classes spoke and wrote Greek, did not thoroughly relish Terence's humour, is on record. His "fit" audience were "few" in number, and their approbation of his plays was perhaps looked upon as affected rather than sincere. In our comedies we require a complicated plot, indeed a primary and a secondary plot. Such doubling would have bewildered and doubtless offended Scipio and Lælius. We expect also a tolerably numerous staff of characters, and that is a demand which it would have puzzled not only a manager of the period, but also the mask-maker and the theatrical tailor to meet. The manager would have said, "Where can I find room for so many actors on my stage? Am I to become lessee of the Flaminian Circus? and if I were, who would be able to hear a word of the piece?" The mask manufacturer would ask, "How can I provide grave or grinning visages enough for such a crowd as you send me, for there are not living types enough in the good city of Athens or Rome from which to copy them?" while the tailor would justly grumble at his difficulty, since it would have been a Herculean task to vary toga and tunic, sandal and buskin, in a land and at a time when every senator or archon was dressed alike, and when every meaner citizen had a similar robe, and often only one on his body, and that much darned, and not often washed. In forming opinions on the comedy of the ancients, the extreme simplicity of their habits and

manners should be taken into account, or we may risk a rash judgment on the subject. Taking these circumstances into our reckoning, we may wonder at the art of Terence and the exuberant humour of Plautus, rather than tax them with shortcomings or feebleness in their conception of either tragic or comic character. It is no slight evidence of his power that a play of Terence, even at this day, when well represented, can still afford amusement either by the situations of the *dramatis personæ* or by the shrewd maxims and epigrammatic wit of the dialogue. And if it be indeed true that Terence was but a "half Menander," it may not be unlikely that "Menander entire," had he lived many centuries later, would have given us an *Every Man in His Humour*, if not a *She Stoops to Conquer* or *The Rivals*.

It is perhaps among the results of so many ladies reading Latin, as well as petitioning for the right of suffrage, that the scissors have been rather liberally used in cutting out certain free passages in the *Adelphi*. We do not see, except on this or some similar ground, any particular reason for such excisions. It is not likely that veteran scholars, men of the gown or the cassock, would blush at these occasional departures from the paths of delicacy or virtue, and it is to be supposed that the youthful actors themselves have already formed some acquaintance with them. Micio's part, for example, is rather weakened by the omission of his lax moralities. Again, why should the mute character of the music girl in Act ii., Scene 1, not be allowed to appear on the stage? Perhaps shortness of hands or wardrobe is the reason for Sannio's not having a few followers afforded him when he comes on the scene with his broken head and with the young burglars Æschinus and Co. Colman was right in thinking that Sannio ought to be so accompanied.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the performance. It was generally good, even, and spirited. Syrus's mockery of Demea's precepts—*tantum in speculum*—was delivered with great effect, as well as his misdirection of that old curmudgeon, who thoroughly deserves his long and fruitless walk. The dialogue between Geta, Sostrata, and Canthara was excellently rendered, and Geta merited even more plaudits than he received. The Prologue, besides the usual commemoration of the recently deceased worthies of Westminster, contains references to the planting of trees and other improvements in Vincent Square, the favourite exercise ground of the School, and to the necessity of replacing the nearly worn out benches of the theatre. The Epilogue is of the usual satirical kind. Three Emperors meet to plot for their own aggrandizement and the stamping out of democracy. The "Sick Man" on the Bosphorus is singled out as an appropriate victim, and the idea that England will protect him is treated with derision:—

Ah! minime refert quid sentiat Anglia! totam
Mutandis sese mercibus illa dedit.
Pacis amans quovis pretio, Maris arbitra quondam,
Nunc ipsa externo pendet ab arbitrio!

Just then a mob is heard shouting at the door, and the Emperors take to their heels. The Internationalists, who next appear, proclaim their intention of immediately abolishing all kings, laws, religions, and private property; but are in their turn dispersed by the arrival of the police, who threaten to lock them up for drinking at illegal hours. Three strong-minded ladies in masculine attire now occupy the stage. They assert their rights with much vehemence, and determine to hold a meeting in Hyde Park in defiance of Mr. Ayrton. The Emperors, Internationalists, and policemen then return to join with the ladies in making their farewell bow to the audience. The epigrammatic fire of the Epilogue is well sustained, and was received with much applause.

REVIEWS.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S MEMOIR OF MONTALEMBERT.*

(Second Notice.)

WE have very briefly sketched the sequence of events which drove Montalembert more and more upon himself, and gradually converted the leader of brisk action into the solitary and independent thinker. Illness checked, and then death cut short, the development of this phase of his character at the time when the course which this really liberal Roman Catholic would take upon the imminent declaration of Papal Infallibility was every day becoming a question of deeper interest. On this head Mrs. Oliphant is particularly unsatisfactory. She does indeed devote several pages to the description of the liberalizing Roman Catholic Congress at Mechlin in August 1863, which produced his remarkable address, "*L'église libre dans l'état libre*"; but she takes no pains in fitting it into its place in contemporary Church history, and she strangely suppresses the fact that the whole procedure was received with open anger at Rome. It is even more disappointing to find that when she reaches the final consummation of the last and worst Papal aggression, she struggles to escape from grappling with Montalembert's attitude towards the Pope, the Vatican Council, and the dogma of Infallibility, with a want of appreciation of the gravity of the issues at stake which may be measured by the following amazing sentence:—"Certainly it is difficult to understand wherein the Papal Infallibility which we

* *Memoir of Count de Montalembert, Peer of France; Deputy for the Department of Doubs: a Chapter of Recent French History.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

have all our lives understood to be an article of Roman Catholic belief differs from the Papal Infallibility as proclaimed by the Council of Rome in 1870." In other words, because the Protestant Mrs. Oliphant had all her life attributed to the Roman Church a certain doctrine of Papal infallibility, which she cannot distinguish from the doctrine enunciated at the Vatican Council—not having in all probability taken much pains to clear her theological thoughts either before or after that event—therefore the Roman Church must have always held that which Mrs. Oliphant presumed that it held; and therefore, further, Dupanloup previously, and Döllinger subsequently, to the Council were simply airing their own ignorance of a dogma on which even Mrs. Oliphant could have set them straight. They were like M. Jourdain, who had been speaking prose for forty years and did not know it. So throughout the spongy argument of which this sentence is an isolated fragment, the idea that any Roman Catholic would have dreamed of asking the questions—Is it true? is it consonant with Catholic tradition? is it apparent in Catholic antiquity?—never crosses Mrs. Oliphant's spectrum. In her opinion, as Roman Catholics they must have been born infallibilists, even before infallibility became a dogma, or else what was to become of Protestant fancies on the subject? For Montalembert or any one else to turn away from the Vatican Council is for him to "have the makings of a Dissenter in him"; swallowing the new doctrine shows "confidence in the Church as the one thing stable on earth"; it means to be "faithful to death," it implies inability to "desert that Church" and to "sanction" a "rent of the long unity of ages," the very matter under discussion being whether or not the new opinion was unity or diversity. All this gush of sentiment comes from a writer who takes care to tell us that she has "doctrinally no sympathy whatever with Montalembert." She has not even the indulgence of the thoughtful little daughter of a fervid Whig lord who inquired during the hot strifes of the first Reform Bill, "Mamma, were all the Tories born so wicked, or did they become so?" All Papists in her eyes, even Montalembert, must naturally have been born bereft of logical faculties, or else they cannot have been real Roman Catholics.

In approaching this subject we humbly confess our inferiority in the gift of assurance compared with the Infallibilists, whose first impulse on Montalembert's death was—in compliance with the Pope's example—to ban his memory; while their second has been to prove, by bold assertion, that he too had bowed his head by anticipation to the Vatican dogma. As we have previously said, Montalembert was not a professed theologian; also he was a layman. He was in constant suffering long before his death, in feeling as in fact a dying man, and the idea of a new Catholic organization, as the result of the Pope having his own way, was as much an event of the unforeseen future as the Bordeaux Pact. Consequently we protest against the idle importunity of such a question as, Would Montalembert have formally repudiated this Vatican decree, which he resisted during its incubation at the price of incurring the gravest displeasure of the Pope? With us the inquiry is the more simple one, What is the evidence of any willing conviction having been wrought on his mind, not merely of the expediency, but of the truth of the dogma, at a time when its acceptance was certainly among the probabilities of the coming season? We have three documents to assist us in our inquiry. The first is the remarkable letter to which reference was made in our columns only a few days before Montalembert's death, in which, while explaining in what sense he accepted the title, once so distasteful to him, of "Gallican," and in taking care to call attention to the never-to-be-forgotten description of the Pope by Archbishop Sibour of Paris as the "idol of the Vatican," he continues, "Never, thank Heaven, have I thought, said, or written anything favourable to the separate and personal infallibility of the Pope . . . nor to the theocracy, the dictatorship of the Church"; and in the conclusion of the letter he expresses his regret at not being able to descend into the arena, "not certainly on the ground of theology, but on that of history and of the social and political consequences of the system they" (the Dupanloup of 1869 and his friends) "contend against." Had this letter stood alone, even the *Univers* could have hardly helped giving up Montalembert as hopeless; but the Ultramontanists have a deathbed conversation of his to bring up, which—in order to do full justice to them and to Mrs. Oliphant, who somehow finds herself at this point holding their brief—we shall quote in her words and with her prefix:—

Having said this, we may add that the following scene was narrated to us personally by an eye-witness, whose perfect trustworthiness is absolutely beyond question. We regret much that we are not allowed to verify the narrative by the name of the witness, which would at once remove all possibility of objection. But this we are not permitted to do. After the publication of his letter, and very shortly before his death, while all the Catholic world was discussing the great question, and speculating as to the results which must follow, one of his visitors put a direct question to Montalembert.

"If the infallibility is proclaimed, what will you do?" "I will struggle against it as long as I can," he said; but when the question was repeated, the sufferer raised himself quickly in his chair, with something of his old animation, and turned to his questioner. "What should I do?" he said. "We are always told that the Pope is a father. *Eh bien!*—there are many fathers who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclination, and contrary to our ideas. In such a case the son struggles while he can; he tries hard to persuade his father—discusses and talks the matter over with him; but when all is done, when he sees no possibility of succeeding, but receives a distinct refusal, he submits. I shall do the same."

"You will submit so far as form goes," said the visitor. "You will submit externally. But how will you reconcile that submission with your ideas and convictions?"

Still more distinctly and clearly he replied, "I will make no attempt to reconcile them. I will simply submit my will as has to be done in respect to all the other questions of the faith. I am not a theologian; it is not my part to decide on such matters. And God does not ask me to understand. He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so." "After having made this solemn though abrupt confession of faith," says the witness whom we have quoted, he added, with a smile, "It is simple enough; there is nothing extraordinary in it."

Taking this story as it stands, and assuming on the *ipse dixit* of the anonymous interlocutor that it is accurate both in its words and in its colouring, what is the scene which it presents? On the one side is a dying man racked with constant pain, and on the other a pitiless inquisitor, the subject-matter being a contingency of which the victim in the witness-box has slight hope of seeing the end. The inquirer's first question has reference to Montalembert's conduct in case of, and after the proclamation of, the Infallibility. The examinee meets this home thrust by ignoring the interrogatory. He will not face the contingency of the final triumph of untruth, but he will "struggle against it as long as" he "can." If this declaration of war means anything, it must mean that he was convinced of the essential falsehood of the Infallibility; for it is beyond the moral order of things to conceive that a man so tenderly pious, and at the same time so convinced of the dogmatic basis of faith, as Montalembert could talk of struggling as long as he could against that which might, after all, be God's truth, and therefore the ground of his own hope of salvation. But the inquirer would not be so easily baffled, and he gives the screw another turn. The poor invalid was probably in no mood for a lengthened argument, but he was still master of his old courage and his old intellect, and he succeeded by means of an apparently commonplace analogy in again discomfiting the inquisitive cross-examiner. "With something of his old animation," and not a little of his old sarcasm, he observed that "we are always told that the Pope is a father," and he then proceeded to place the Pope in the category of those fathers who are exacting, tyrannical, and wrong-headed, "who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclination, and contrary to our ideas." In the present case the paternal demand which Montalembert, the son, states to be, not only "very far from" his inclination, but also "contrary to" his "ideas," is that he should believe his father when he asserts that he possesses the personal power of speaking with the voice of God. The claim on the father's part is that of being vice-God. The son, who is struggling as long as he can against it, has already very logically retorted by styling the would-be vice-God an "idol," or false god; and his respect for the intellect and judgment of his father may be appraised accordingly. Still he feels the natural affection and duty of a son towards a father. "He tries hard to persuade his father," who believes himself vice-God, that he is not vice-God; he discusses and talks over with him in an adverse sense—a layman with the *soi-disant* infallible Pope—"the matter" of that assumption of almost Divine power which must either be the most momentous truth, the most arrogant blasphemy, or the wildest delusion. "But when all is done, when he sees no possibility of succeeding"—in what?—in preventing the Pope from "demanding his adherence to a thing away from his inclination, and contrary to his ideas," that thing being nothing less than a dogma on which for all coming time man's whole relations with God must turn; but, on the contrary, "receives a distinct refusal" from the infallible Pope to take the layman Montalembert's rather than the infallible Pope's view of Papal Infallibility; then—will he beg pardon? no; will he recant? no; he will "submit." If Napoleon III. had thought fit to enforce the modified imprisonment to which Montalembert on his appeal was still subject, the Count would have had to "submit" to the insult, for Napoleon III. was then governing the country of which he was a resident citizen; but the most devoted servant of the Empire would hardly have pointed to Montalembert in gaol as an example of willing, trustful belief in Napoleonism. Every expression which he used, every figure which he marshalled—"struggling" as with an antagonist, trying hard to "persuade" as one does with an opponent whom one knows to be obstinately in the wrong, "discussing and talking over the matter" as one does with an equal; talking of "when all is done," implying a disastrous result; "seeing no possibility of succeeding," as one does when one is convinced that, though overmastered, one is still in the right; "receiving a distinct refusal," which could hardly be a grievance unless acquiescence were equally within the competence of moral order (an impossibility if Papal infallibility be true); "submission," which implies yielding to superior force—these expressions, coming as they did from a man habitually engaged with the supernatural, and ever on the side of faith, and used in reference to a crucial question in the economy of God's dealings with mankind, are only possible on the supposition of a disbelief in the new dogma on the part of the speaker so profound as to be, humanly speaking, ineradicable. It is not surprising that at this point the inquisitor's back should have been fairly up, so he taxed Montalembert with only promising an external submission; "but how will you reconcile that submission with your ideas and convictions?" At this last thrust a less determined man than Montalembert would have been fairly cornered, but he gallantly disclaimed any attempt to "reconcile them." He was ready to "submit his will and intelligence," but upon his ideas and convictions, to which the question really referred, he kept silence; he does not submit, still less does he retract them—in fact, he ignores them altogether—he will "make no attempt" to

"reconcile" his "submission" with his "ideas and convictions;" and by this refusal he really adheres to the position which he had taken up in his former answer. A spendthrift father may press his son to cut off an entail; that son believes his father to be wrong, and knows him to be both practically and theoretically fallible; nevertheless, to save scandal and from filial affection, he signs the fatal deed. No one can say that this son has not sacrificed his will and his intelligence; for he has unwillingly done an unintelligent thing; but no person can have the right to say he had abandoned his convictions until he undertakes to prove the unerring wisdom of his exacting father. Some gleam of pity may have crossed the tormentor's mind, and he may have felt that he had extracted the last possible word from the feeble invalid, for, by Mrs. Oliphant's story (which is repeated word for word by M. Foisset), he went away content at what he was pleased to consider a retraction of the too plain-spoken letter. If Ultramontanists are content with so shabby and cruel a success, we cannot envy them their sorry pleasure; but we are surprised to see an English Protestant lady gloating over the miserable narrative. As for Montalembert himself, we imagine that his thoughts cannot have been very far different from those which he once expressed to us when he said that, although he had once disbelieved in the horrors of the Inquisition, yet after the conduct of M. Veuillot he had come to believe in them.

But we have stated that there was a third document, and as the passage immediately in point is not a long one we shall reproduce it, although we have already published it in our obituary notice of Montalembert. It is an extract from a letter of his to an English friend, written on December 30, 1869, during the delusive calm of the early days of M. Ollivier's Ministry:—

The accession of the Second Empire, eighteen years ago, was the death-blow, not only to my legitimate ambition in public life, but to all the moral and intellectual results for which I had so long laboured. The base betrayal of all or almost all who had followed or flattered me, the servile and shameless desertion of the host I had fondly hoped to enlist, has been going on ever since.

'Twas a stern task of soul; no matter—it is taught. Things have now reached their climax for the worse with us, and seem rather ready to take a better turn. Temporal despotism has faded away in a most unexpected fashion, and I sincerely hope spiritual despotism will follow sooner or later. But, come what may, I am now too old and too ill ever to revive and reascend the rostrum like my older friends Thiers, Daru, and others. I must content myself with standing true to my colours, and to the convictions of my youth—and that I do, being more convinced than ever that freedom in the sphere of religion still more than in that of politics is the vital condition of truth. To have felt and believed that and to have acted up to my belief, is the only proud memorial that will remain of my darkened and baffled career.

In order fully to estimate the value of this letter, we must consider not only the date when it was written, but the person to whom it was addressed. It was not written, like those English letters of Montalembert which Mrs. Oliphant quotes, to any Roman Catholic who would be inclined to find something to read between the lines; for the friend to whom it was sent was a prominent and very pronounced Anglican, with whom in former times Montalembert had held friendly theological controversy, and who, as he well knew, would be sure to grasp with most prosaic exactness at any expression which he might drop derogatory to the new Papal assumption; yet it was to such a correspondent that a very few weeks before his death Montalembert opened out with fervent aspirations for the downfall of the "spiritual despotism" of the Pope. In face of these words, what value can Mrs. Oliphant attach to those more than ambiguous expressions of submission which the bullying boredom of a morning visitor extracted from the dying man on his chair of suffering? The authoress opines that, because Montalembert did not at twenty-one break out like Lamennais into rebellion when Gregory XVI. snubbed his youthful zeal, therefore Pius IX.—the "idol of the Vatican"—would have, nearly forty years later, found him his humble servant. She forgets two things—first, that the question between him and Gregory XVI. was one of policy, and not of conviction; and, secondly, that, by her own showing, if ever there was a purely external submission, it was that of Montalembert to the despotic old monk who reigned at Rome in 1832. Montalembert was assuredly *felix opportunitate mortis*—at the dawn of that year, 1870, which closed on the ruin of his dear France—full of delusive hopes of restored liberty, in spite of his bitter experience of the falseness of the ruler of France; while he could heartily thank God that he had never taught the personal infallibility of the Pope, without having to accept the sad conclusion that such a boast, before many months over, would convict the man who ventured it of schism, rebellion, and sin in the eyes of the satellites of the Vatican and of the idol whom they worshipped. With health and spirits broken he could hardly, even if he had survived, have lived up to his great name; while the public utterances of a premature old age would only have given a malicious satisfaction to those who hated him for the stout words and deeds of early and middle life. We are, however, sore at the little prospect of the world being ever permitted to see the real workings of Montalembert's mind. His political biography may some day be written, but the Roman Church has moved far too quickly during the less than three years which have elapsed since his death to make it likely that his innermost thoughts on the religious struggle of the age will ever become public property. In this state of things we have all the more strongly felt it to be our duty to point out in what respects and for what reasons the book which may pass current as Montalembert's Life has failed.

LATHAM'S DEFENCE OF PHONETIC SPELLING.*

WE had no notion that Dr. Latham was, like Mr. A. J. Ellis, one of the sect that wishes to bring in what is called phonetic spelling among us. As regards Mr. Ellis, our feeling is this, that the fact that a man who has gone so thoroughly as he has done into the history of the English language and English pronunciation is an advocate for phonetic spelling is the one argument which keeps us from speaking of the whole thing as utterly ridiculous. To our own mind the whole thing seems to be nonsense, but we do not like to call a thing nonsense which is supported by Mr. Ellis. With Dr. Latham we do not quite stand on the same ceremony. He is a clever writer, and by those who use his writings carefully a good deal of knowledge may be picked out of them; but he has always been crotchety, and when he has once made a mistake he is apt to stick to it. But we had no notion that he had been for so many years a labourer in the cause of phonetic reform. Dr. Latham begins by telling us that "the present contribution to the cause of phonetic spelling is separated from its predecessors by an interval of more than thirty-five years." "Between the beginning of 1834 and the end of 1835," he tells us, "three short works upon the same subject were published in quick succession." On looking down to a note at the bottom of the page, it seems that the three short works were published by Dr. Latham himself, when he was a B.A. at Cambridge. These works we cannot say that we ever saw, but in the many later works of his which we have seen we do not remember that he has said anything about the matter. We learn then for the first time from Dr. Latham's title-page both that he is a supporter of the phonetic system, and that the phonetic system has made such way that it keeps a Phonetic Depot in London, while Bath outdoes the capital and rises to the dignity of a Phonetic Institute. We cannot say, however, that reading Dr. Latham's book has made us any the more inclined to go over to the phonetic cause, or to indulge what seems to be his most cherished wish, that of spelling *city* with an *s*. It is the old story; if Dr. Latham can persuade people to get rid of any of the really false spellings, inventions for the most part of printers, by which the history of the language is disguised, we shall be quite ready to go along with him; or at least we shall be quite ready to follow him, for we are so cowardly that we should be best pleased to throw the hard work on Dr. Latham's shoulders. If he can get people to write *rime* and *tung* instead of *rhyme* and *tongue*—the latter seems hopeless, while of the former there may be some hope—he will have brought two pieces of the history of language into sight. But for the very same reason, we must decline to write *sity* instead of *city*. If Dr. Latham can call into full life the almost dead letter *p*—not quite dead as long as anybody writes *ye* for *the*—we will readily give him our blessing. But for the same reason we refuse to have anything to do with all manner of newfangled and queer-looking marks devised by Dr. Latham, or even by Mr. Ellis. We can no more admit a brand-new English alphabet than we can admit a brand-new English constitution. In an historical land like ours we must take our spelling and our constitution as we find them; we may improve in detail whatever needs improvement, but we cannot consent to start quite afresh, as if we were beginning with civil society and the art of writing for the first time in our lives. That is to say, we take our stand on what Dr. Latham calls the etymological or historical objection. Dr. Latham of course tries to show that this objection is not a sound one. His arguments, as in most of his writings, are not always very easy to be understood. His way of putting things is so very terse and pointed, it is indeed, if we may venture to be so familiar, so jerky and perky, that we are very far from always understanding him. He sometimes puts one in mind of those French sentences which are so very clear that we cannot in the least see what is meant. But, as far as we can understand him, his argument seems to be in the nature of a retort. We object to phonetic spelling because it would disguise the history of the language. Dr. Latham argues that the received spelling also in many cases disguises the history of the language. And so it undoubtedly does; there never was nor could be any spelling in any language which could fully set forth the history of a word from the beginning. But the received spelling, a spelling which was not made at any particular time, but which has formed itself bit by bit, does preserve a good deal of the history of the language, and we are not willing to give up anything that we can keep. We have learned by some experience that half a loaf is better than no bread; we cleave to our ewe lamb, nor will we willingly quench the one coal that we have left. Dr. Latham says, quite truly, that our present spelling often disguises the history of words; to make things better, he asks us to take to a spelling which shall wipe out their history altogether. Dr. Latham shows in several cases that our present pronunciation sometimes preserves more of the history of a word than our present spelling. He shows some cases, on the other hand, in which a wrong spelling has led to a wrong pronunciation. But what does all this prove? Simply, what nobody ever doubted, that our present system is imperfect, and that it is a good thing to correct it in detail whenever we have a chance. It does not, to our mind, prove that it would be a good thing to throw aside in a lump the whole accumulation of either the wisdom or the folly of our forefathers, and

* *A Defence of Phonetic Spelling, drawn from a History of the English Alphabet and Orthography, with a Remedy for their Defects.* By R. G. Latham, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. London: Fred. Pitman, Phonetic Depot, 20 Paternoster Row, E.C. Bath: Isaac Pitman, Phonetic Institute. 1872.

to make quite a fresh start, according to some theory of Dr. Latham's.

Let us take an example—the particular example of which Dr. Latham seems to be fondest. He seems to have a personal quarrel with the letter *c*, and to rejoice that *k* has, in all times and places, been found as “irrepressible” as the negro. We are, above all things, to write *sity* instead of *city*, because that is the way that we pronounce it. Of the two innovations, we should be better pleased if Dr. Latham told us to leave the spelling as it is, and to pronounce it *kity*, because we have no doubt that that was the way in which Kikero sounded “Kivis Romanus.” But the fact that we write *city* and pronounce it *sity* proves more things than one. It not only shows that the word is derived from *civitas*, but it also shows that the word did not get into English till the *c* had, before certain letters, already got softened in Latin. Had it got into English, like *castrum*, at the earliest stage of the language, so as to be thoroughly broken in and made obedient to the laws of change, its modern sound would most likely be *chity*, and not *sity*. So we have *candel*, brought into the language at a stage later than *ceaster*, but earlier than *city*. Like *city*, it keeps the Latin sound of the time, when it was still *candela* and not yet *chandelle*, in contrast to the later importations of *chandler* and *chandelier* after the *ca* sound was already softened. And again the difference of the sound of *ch* in *chandler* and in *chandelier* marks the two distinct stages at which those words came into the language, *chandler* having become thoroughly naturalized and taking the English sound, while *chandelier* still retains traces of its foreign origin. So *candid* again helps us to a piece of the history of the French language as well as of the English. It shows that the word *candidus* did not pass into French in the course of the regular formation of the French language, but that it was imported from Latin at a later time. Our present spelling and pronunciation, however inconsistent in itself, however difficult for a foreigner to learn, does, by its very inconsistency, preserve the record of these delicate stages in the history of the language. All these traces the phonetic system would wipe out. If we were to write *sity*, *skandle*, *tshandler*, and *shandelier*, or by whatever stranger ways Dr. Latham would express the sounds, all these delicate distinctions would be wiped out. Then again people would not only be likely to forget the real history of words, but to imagine a false history. As many a false spelling is owing to a false derivation, so by the usual cycle a false spelling leads to a false derivation back again. If we wrote, as Dr. Latham would have us, *sity*, it could hardly fail but that some ingenious schoolmaster would connect it with the root *sit*, *settle*, and if he had half learning enough he would go on to connect it—rightly enough when he had once connected it with *sil*—with *set*, the old termination *setas*, in Somerset, Dorset, and the like. With Dr. Latham's spelling it would follow almost naturally that a *sity* should be looked upon, not as a derivative from the French *cité* and the Latin *civitas*, but as a genuine English word, meaning a place where men *seat*, *sit*, or *settle* themselves. The mistake would not be greater than when the Canton of *Wallis* or *Valais* is thought to be so called because it is “la plus grande vallée de la Suisse,” or when the *Côtes du Nord*, the “pagus Constantinus” of Normandy, is thought to be so called because of the three *côtes* which that peninsular land shows towards the ocean.

We have been quite unable to catch the principle of arrangement in Dr. Latham's book, but, in looking up and down it, there are a great many remarks which are very much to the purpose, that is to say, very much to our purpose, though, to our thinking, very little to Dr. Latham's own purpose. He has really a good deal to tell us about this curious process of the softening of *c* or *k*. He traces out the physical stages by which *castrum* changed into *ceaster* and thence into *Chester*, and he minutely illustrates them by the history of what is essentially the same process, which seems to be still going on in the Northern languages. Dr. Latham remarks in the modern dialect of Norway a stage intermediate between the harder Danish and the softer Swedish. But this, like a great many other things, turns up only incidentally in his book, and he does not go at all exhaustively into the very curious history of *c* and *k*—Dr. Latham's irrepressible *k*—and the various sounds into which they have changed in the different Teutonic and Romance languages. Along with it must go the history—a very curious one, but not quite so curious as the other—of the softening of *g*. To Dr. Latham all the confusions and inconsistencies which have arisen out of these two processes are so many arguments for changing the historical spelling into the phonetic. We are so perverse that to us they are all so many arguments for keeping the historical spelling and withstanding the phonetic tooth and nail. Dr. Latham makes himself merry with such an inconsistency as that of writing *can* and *ken* in words so closely allied. To us the seeming inconsistency reveals a stage in the history of the language. The English *c* was originally hard; after a while it got softened in most words in which it came before *e* or *i*. In some however it still remained hard, and in those *k* was brought in to mark the hard sound. *Ken* in fact is spelt with a *k*, for fear people should say *tchen*. The same is the case with *king*, *kin*, *Kent*, *Kenward*, *Kenrick*. The *k* again comes in at the end to mark the words where the old final *c* remained hard from those in which it was softened. In different cognate words, and in different dialectic forms of the same word, we often get the two side by side, as in *dyke* and *ditch*, *Stanwick* and *Norwich*. The soft sound of *c* and *g* we believe invariably marks a word of foreign origin. To our mind the inconsistency of sounding *c* and *g* in two different ways according to the letters

which follow them is not at all dearly purchased, when the inconsistency gives us a consistent means of marking a foreign element in the language.

As there is no hope of Dr. Latham converting us, nor, as far as we can see, any hope of our converting Dr. Latham, we will spend the little time we have left in noting a few of the scattered points which have struck us in looking through his book, whether they bear or not on the question of phonetic spelling. Dr. Latham points out that in anatomy we talk about a *skeleton*, in which the Greek *κ* in *σκελετός* is represented by a hard *k*, while in mathematics we talk about an *isosceles* triangle, where the Greek *κ* is represented by a *c*, which is commonly sounded soft. But is Dr. Latham right when he says “both the name of the triangle and the name of the bony framework of the body come from the same source?” We will not say that *σκελετός*, *σκελλω*, may not be connected; but it is at least funny when Dr. Latham derives *skeleton* directly from *σκελος*, and not from *σκελετός*. Then again Dr. Latham has a good deal to say about the silent *b* in the word *debtor*, and by the same analogy in *doubt*. We believe the truth to be that the *b* has no business there at all, that the words came from the French after the *b* had been dropped in sound, and we fancy in writing also, and that the *b* was stuck in by printers or any one else who knew a little more Latin than was good for them. The process was much the same as when they stuck in the *s* in *island* and *aisle*, and the *hy* in *rhyme*; in all these cases the spelling was cooked, and cooked into a shape away from the pronunciation, in order to express a supposed etymology. In the case of *island* they went altogether wrong, confounding a purely English word with a Latin word which had a superficial likeness to it. In *doubt* and *debt* they turned a French word into a Latin one—that is, they mistook the grandmother for the mother. In *aisle* we suspect that the *s* came in from *isle*, but as *aisle* is French *aile* and Latin *ala*, and as *ala* is a contraction of *axilla*, the *s* has really almost as much business there as the *b* in *doubt*.

Dr. Latham has a good deal to say about the Gothic language and the Gothic alphabet, but we do not quite understand the relation in which he conceives it to stand to other Teutonic alphabets. He seems to think that it had some direct influence on the Franks, which, as both nations met in Gaul, is just possible. But he a little undervalues the amount of the Gothic literature when he says that it

consists in the remains of a translation of the Gospels along with fragments of a fuller version of probably the whole Bible, and a few short records of certain sales or bargains under the reign of the Gothic kings in Italy.

He has forgotten that there are also several sermons and the fragments of a calendar. This is no great addition in point of extent, but we cannot afford to lose a single scrap where every scrap is precious. When Dr. Latham says that

The statement that it [Gothic] stands to the modern German and Dutch in the same relation as the Latin to the Italian and Spanish is an exaggeration.

Such a statement would not only be an exaggeration, but altogether wrong. It is the old confusion of mistaking an aunt for a mother. Then it is rather an odd account when Dr. Latham goes on to say—

Neither Moesia, then, nor the country beyond the Danube (Moldavia and Bessarabia) was the native country of its German occupant; and as both lay within the limits of the Eastern Empire, and were governed from Constantinople rather than from Rome, the Moeso-Gothic-alphabet is of Greek origin.

Now at the time when the Goths crossed the Danube, the country beyond the Danube certainly did not form part of the Eastern Empire, and just then no part of the Empire was governed from Rome. Presently Dr. Latham says:—

The conquerors of Italy about fifty years later were the Ostrogoths, and it is universally admitted that the language of this division was that of the Ulphiline Gospels. The evidence that the language of the Visigoths in Gaul and Spain was the same, is less conclusive. There is no reason, however, to doubt the fact of its having been so.

Surely, as Ulphilas made his translation before the West Goths, there can be no doubt as to the extant Gothic being the language of the Goths in Gaul and Spain, unless it can be shown that they lost it on the way. Of course in Spain at least—in Gaul they perhaps had hardly time before their overthrow—they must in the end have changed it for Latin. But the causes which led them to change it for Latin would work far more powerfully after they were settled in their new dominions than when they were still marching with Alaric and Ataulf.

MIDDLEMARCH.*

(Second Notice.)

MIDDLEMARCH is presented to the reader as a Study, not as a story, and it is on its merits as an able study of character and manners that its credit rests. Plot is never George Eliot's strong point; but her characters are so real and so true to themselves that we desire to know what becomes of them, just as the fate of our friends interests us, however unlikely they may be to furnish mysteries or ingenious surprises. In *Middlemarch* Bulstrode, whose antecedents supply the machinery and whatever mystery there is to unravel, falls from his high estate by a slighter push than would upset a wealthy banker of flesh

* *Middlemarch: a Study of English Provincial Life.* By George Eliot. 4 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

and blood whose long career in the town had been honest and respectable; and it does not suit our ideas of Mr. Casaubon, whose will is the most striking incident in the story, that he should have forgotten his own dignity and the exposure of Doctors' Commons to the extent of inserting the clause on which Dorothea's action turns. We specify these things, however, without regretting them. The book is what it professes to be—a study of provincial life. Bulstrode is a study, so are Mr. Brooke, and the Garth family, and the Farebrothers, and the Featherstones, and Trumbull the auctioneer. We care for them on account of what they are in themselves, not as they affect the story. It is life as she sees it—what she calls “this great spectacle of life”—which is George Eliot's inspiration, not any combinations of the fancy; while “never to be able to enjoy this spectacle, never to be fully possessed by the glory we behold, never to have our consciousness rapturously transformed into the vividness of a thought, the ardour of a passion, the energy of an action, never to be liberated from a small, hungry, shivering self,” is the doom she assigns to Mr. Casaubon, and to selfishness in the abstract.

Whether it be due to early bias or to a preference of taste, this Radical writer uniformly shows tenderness for a country aristocracy. She represents its members, indeed, as proud of their rank, and often insolently supercilious towards trade, and talks of the stifling oppression of the gentlewoman's life; but her satire is all playful. She likes Mrs. Cadwallader, while exposing her foibles and prejudices. Her antipathies are all bestowed on town ambitions. The people who are at the top of the tree have got something, it seems, by the elevation, however they came there. But, admirer as she is of energy, the energy of rising and getting on finds no indulgence at her hand. The struggles between wholesale and retail trade and different professional grades, the rivalries of dress and appointments, are with her selfishness vulgar and unmitigated. Country town society we are to suppose the worst moral school. The accomplished Rosamond, who would so gladly have lifted herself out of it, would, though retaining the same nature, have been something better in the author's eyes if she had been born among ancestral oaks and could boast a pedigree. We gather that the nursery of the ideal woman consists in dignified and distinguished surroundings, which she renounces because all cannot share them—a condition not adapted to the continuance of the race. In the meanwhile we must respect the candour which recognizes good wherever it sees it. There cannot be a pleasanter and more honourable fellow than George Eliot's country gentleman; and if a Tory, so much the better does he fill that ineffable, though false, position. Witness Sir James Chettam, the favourite alike of author and reader, though he does say “Exactly” to Dorothea's vaguest questionings; and if she will only have him, is willing to endure a great deal of predominance from her. And why not? it is well asked. “A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine—as the smallest beech-tree is of higher kind than the most soaring palm; and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality.” Mr. Brooke, one of the author's happiest creations, affording as he does such opportunity for knowledge and wit in her peculiar vein, is amongst other things a satire on the country gentleman aiming to be liberal, and yet holding his own. We may handle—she somewhere says—even extreme opinions with impunity while our furniture, our dinner-giving, and preference for armorial bearings in our own case link us indissolubly with the established order; and Mr. Brooke is an adept at such handling. But still his is a portrait tenderly and indulgently drawn. Nobody ever stopped short at so many points; there is a largeness about his generalities; circumstances have conferred on him such a vast theatre for desultoriness that he takes a sort of intellectual rank; he has travelled in his youth, and so is able to talk of “Rhamnus, Helicon now, Parnassus”; he has “absorbed new ideas and dined with celebrities now deceased.” We see he has bothered distinguished people. “When a question has struck me, I have written to somebody and got an answer. I have documents at my back.” His self-complacency is sustained by social position. He can afford to take Ladislav as his secretary, on the ground, “I want not ideas, you know, but the way of putting them.” He is better up in the phrases of subjects than most dabblers, and unequalled in a summary of three words, as in his comprehensive grasp of the bridal tour to Rome:—“Ah, I see, happiness, frescoes, the antique”; or, of painting, “Solidity, transparency, all that sort of thing”; or high farming, “A great mistake going into electrifying your land and making a parlour of your cowhouse. I went into science a great deal myself at one time, but I saw it would not do; it leads to everything”; or metaphysics, “I have argued it myself. The fact is, human reason may carry you a little too far—over the hedge, in fact. It carried me a good way at one time, but I saw it would not do. I pulled up; I pulled up in time.” All feeling and all opinion “lies on his mind as lightly as the broken wing of an insect.” The transitions from topic to topic are distractingly natural. He fails to get off a poor sheepstealer from the gallows, and tells Dorothea, “Well, he is to be hanged—hanged, you know,” with a quiet nod. “Poor Romilly! he would have helped us. I knew Romilly. Casaubon did not know Romilly. He is a little buried in his books, you know, Casaubon is.” But everybody has one stable point about him, and Mrs. Cadwallader tells us what is Mr. Brooke's. Sir James is regretting his way of paring and clipping at expenses. “Come, that's a blessing,” she replies, “that helps him to find himself in a morning. He may not know his own opinions, but he does know his own pocket.” Any circle

is fortunate which may listen to this lady's trenchant, neatly turned, common sense and humour; though it sometimes exercises itself on the vulgar rich, whom she—the descendant of earls, and having made what she called a poor marriage—hated with a religious hatred. Nor does it spare her good easy husband, the rector, with whom she is on such excellent terms, and who always saw the joke of any satire against himself, his conscience being large and easy like his person. He defends Dorothea's marriage when Sir James declares Casaubon must be fifty—“Look at his legs!”—by the argument that “Women don't admire you handsome fellows half so much as you admire yourselves. Elinor used to tell her sisters that she married me for my ugliness—it was so various and amusing that it quite conquered her prudence.”

Between country and town there is another group remote from the social ambitions of either. With the Featherstones selfishness—the universal sin—takes the grovelling shape of money-loving. Money is the only object of the expectants in kitchen and parlour collected at Stone Court; whether it is Jonah and his nephew following every movement of Mary Garth, niece of the invalid, with their two pairs of eyes; or the more wealthy “waiters for death” in the parlour, Solomon and his sister, Mrs. Waule, eager to be “sitters up,” and to put in a word for their own claims with the vicious old miser whose life was passing away above stairs. Mixed with them, but magnanimous by comparison, is Trumbull the auctioneer, who must take a distinguished place among George Eliot's worthies, whether we consider him in his private or public capacity. When we commend an author for insight into character, the phrase may mean much or little. There are many observers who are true as far as they go. The most superficial judgment may be right in what it does see. Thus Celia, who calls Mr. Casaubon spiteful, judging from the corners of his mouth, is right; only spitefulness was in him an accident, not a ruling motive, which lay beyond her comprehension. George Eliot's interpretation of expression and action goes deeper; the insight is of another quality; the delineations are excellent, because with a few simple, natural touches she can bring to light the ruling passion. Take this little scene, where Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, whose phraseology is a perpetual effort to improve, upon itself, has been commending Mary Garth:—

“I have observed her when she has been mixing medicine in drops. She minds what she is doing, sir. That is a great point in a woman, and a great point for our friend upstairs, poor dear old soul! A man whose life is of any value should think of his wife as a nurse; that is what I should do, if I married; and I believe I have lived long enough not to make a mistake in that line. Some men must marry to elevate themselves a little, but when I need that, I hope some one will tell me so. I hope some individual will apprise me of the fact. I wish you good morning, Mrs. Waule. Good morning, Mr. Solomon, I trust we shall meet under less melancholy auspices.”

When Mr. Trumbull had departed with a fine bow, Solomon, leaning forward, observed to his sister, “You may depend, Jane, my brother has left that girl a lumping sum.”

“Anybody would think so from the way Mr. Trumbull talks,” said Jane. Then, after a pause, “He talks as if my daughters was't to be trusted to give drops.”

“Auctioneers talk wild,” said Solomon, “not but what Trumbull has made money.”

In pleasant contrast with these hungry self-seekers is the dropper of drops, Mary Garth, plain, with unpretending accomplishments, and brown eyes that were nothing more than clear windows where observation sat laughingly, but attractive enough to deserve two ardent admirers, and to make the reader wish to be one of her listeners when she tells stories to the children with quaint precision. She is an especial favourite with the author, who bestows many excellently turned phrases upon her. Her unselfishness is half sound sense; “for having early had strong reason to believe that things were not likely to be arranged for her particular satisfaction, she wasted no time in astonishment or annoyance at that fact”; and her philanthropy is under the same guidance—“To be anxious about a soul that is always snapping at you must be left to the saints of the earth, and Mary was not one of them.” Her father, Caleb Garth, is the most ideal personage in the book, having at once a veneration for “business” as the highest occupation of man, and skill and industry to make his passion for it an eminent benefit to society, but all absolutely apart from the idea of profit accruing to himself or any power of keeping money together. We do not know such a man, but the author writes as if such a one lived in her memory; and the family community of goods is certainly a pleasant picture. The hardest, most unpoetical sketch in the book is Rosamond, the town-bred aspirant after a more elegant and refined life, who has grown up in all eyes but her brother Fred's a model of correct and graceful girlhood. “For Rosamond never showed any unbecoming knowledge, and was always that combination of correct sentiments, music, dancing, drawing, elegant note-writing, private album for extracted verse, and perfect blonde loveliness, which made the irresistible woman for the doomed man of that date.” She is intolerable in her obstinate unintelligent egoism, but we hope she is a type of a smaller class of Englishwomen than the author seems to suppose her. Her use is to teach Lydgate how terrible may be the consequences of a false ideal. His ideal wife must be an accomplished creature, venerating his high musings and momentous labours, and never interfering with them; instructed to the true womanly limit, and not a hair's-breadth beyond. And such a one he thought he had found in Rosamond, for Lydgate “relied much on the psychological difference between what for variety's sake I will call goose and gander; especially in the innate submissiveness of the goose, so beautifully corresponding to the strength of the gander.”

Lydgate, though a fine fellow, is not thorough enough for a great part. The author finds in him "spots of commonness"; the distinction of mind which belonged to his intellectual ardour did not penetrate his feeling or judgment "about furniture, or women, or the desirability of its being known that he was better born than other surgeons." He was only a Radical in science.

It is no part of our business to tell the story. The reader has read it or he has not, and in either case it is a mistake for the reviewer to step in. There are in *Middlemarch* many vivid scenes, both humorous and pathetic, but it is the author's general knowledge of human nature and singular felicities of thought and style which more constantly excite the reader's admiration. Nothing can be more conscientious than her desire to give the reader her best. The mind works in every page. Thought, observation, memory, never sleep. Now and then there is even a sense of effort. The detail of movement, action, surroundings, always true and characteristic, is sometimes expended on objects not sufficiently interesting, and so unnecessarily delays the progress of the narrative. But everywhere the purity and grace of the language are attraction enough to the reader, as it is an object never forgotten by the writer, who makes us pleasantly alive to the force of words upon the actors in her story. "The right word," she remarks, "is always a power, and communicates its definiteness to our action." When Mr. Vincy hit upon the word "demise," he had got rid of all necessity for sentiment, and could think of the miser's death in a purely legal frame of mind. When Mrs. Bulstrode used the word "militate," she felt she had thrown a noble drapery over a mass of particulars. Mrs. Cadwallader, wishing to dissuade Mr. Brooke from a disastrous contest, would not ply him with wide words like expenditure; "I wouldn't talk of phlebotomy, I would empty a pot of leeches upon him." Celia irritates her sister by her choice of words, calling her taste for designing model cottages a *fad*, and talking of being *fond* of a lover. The book is a repertory for all the flattering, circuitous, delusive epithets in vulgar use by which one thing pretends to be another, as where Bambridge's drunkenness is popularly veiled as "indulgence." In opposition to all this, Dorothea's speech is simple—adorably simple, Ladislaw says—and direct, as representing a nature entirely without hidden calculations.

No one can raise an image or can express an idea in fewer words than our author; as when Raffles is described as a man "who would aim at being noticeable, even in a show of fireworks," and Mrs. Bulstrode as believing "that her husband was one of those men whose memoirs should be written when they died"; or when it is explained why Mr. Casaubon used dates in familiar talk—"His memory being a volume where a *vide supra* would serve instead of repetitions, and not the ordinary long-used blotting-book which only tells of forgotten writing." And she is equally successful in definitions, which are a habit of her mind in an extreme degree. *Prig* is a word easier to use than to define, and Fred Vincy has called Lydgate a prig:—

"I never can make out what you mean by a prig," said Rosamond.

"A fellow who wants to show that he has opinions,"

"Why, my dear, doctors must have opinions," said Mrs. Vincy. "What are they there for else?"

"Yes, mother, the opinions they are paid for. But a prig is a fellow who is always making you a present of his opinions."

We have the immortal Mrs. Elton's word for it that riddles are very well at Christmas. So we are tempted by its seasonableness to give the definition of riddles we find here, though the author speaks not in her own person, but in that of Mr. Trumbull, acting in his public capacity. He is offering for sale a double flower which unfolds into leaves on which riddles are inscribed:—

"A book of riddles! No less than five hundred printed in a beautiful red. Gentlemen, if I had less of a conscience, I should not wish you to bid high for this lot. I have a longing for it myself. What can promote innocent mirth, and I may say virtue, more than a good riddle? It hinders profane language, and attaches a man to the society of refined females. This ingenious article carried in the pocket might make a man welcome in any society. Four shillings, sir?—four shillings for this remarkable collection of riddles. Here is a sample; 'How must you spell honey to make it catch ladybirds?' answer Money. You hear?—Lady birds—honey—money. This is an amusement to sharpen the intellect; it has a sting—it is what we call satire, and wit without indecency. Four and sixpence—five shillings."

We have reached our limit without having touched on some leading characters on whom the author has bestowed elaborate analysis. Bulstrode's is not one to be discussed in a few lines. We have wished to testify to the skill and power of the author, and leave the rest to her readers.

CREAGH'S SEBASTOPOL AND JERUSALEM.*

IN days when mighty and momentous events crowd themselves into the compass of a few years or months, the recollections of a scamp abroad made five or six seasons ago during a thorough lull in European storms may well be thought not only trivial but even musty with keeping. Nor is there much, from a literary point of view, in the record which Mr. Creagh has so long kept by him of his flying visit to Sebastopol and Jerusalem, to account either for its having been hoarded up all this while or for its being permitted to see the light of day at last. Devoid of serious purpose, and but seldom rising above the commonplaces of ordinary travel,

it is to the undying interest which clings to the scenes and associations here brought before the public that his ill-digested mass of material must look for the chance of a welcome. So little has been done to bring home to the mind of the nation the present state of our last great battle-ground, and especially to realize to yearning hearts the existing aspect of monuments or sites hallowed by brave deeds or glorious deaths, that many will be grateful for what our author has to tell of Sebastopol as he saw it in 1867. But for the charm thus inherent in his subject, he is scarcely the traveller we should recommend as guide, philosopher, or friend. Without a single break or division in his narrative, and with no table of contents to serve in some sort as a line of route, we wade with no little exertion of patience through the preliminary incidents of the ordinary tour across Poland, Hungary, and Transylvania until the wished-for shores of Krim Tartary are reached. Beyond a lively perception of the discomfort and dirt of travel, or the scantiness and monotony of fare, not much seems to have aroused the writer's perceptions, save the inordinate amount of female charms which, thanks to exceptional good fortune or to a temperament more than normally susceptible, for ever beamed upon his path among Germans and Wallachs, Turks, Jews, and Russians alike. A soldier by profession—if we may judge from sundry of his loose and indefinite jottings by the way—a sharer even, we should infer, in the perils and hardships of the famous siege, he has not apparently the eye or mind for much more than the superficial aspects of military life, or the tattle of the drillyard or the messroom.

It is the comparative novelty of scenery and manners that, when he comes to his circuit of the Black Sea, seems to waken up Mr. Creagh's powers of observation, and lends sharper point to his descriptive style. Not yet hackneyed by the feet of cockney tourists, and preserving almost intact their native modes of life and thought, those comparatively wild and physically majestic lands have a freshness, and in their degree a romance of their own, which not even the most commonplace description can wholly nullify. In sight of the noble cliffs which frowned upon the approaching steamer's deck, of the rich and smiling lawns which here and there stretch down to the waterside to meet the traveller, or, above all, of the hours of whatever race that greet him with their winning smiles, our author waxes fluent and often picturesque. It may be that the whirl of so much beauty or savagery has turned his head for grammar, if we may judge from his account of the admixture of Circassian and Georgian blood in the Krim Tartars of the South, showing itself in "girls of the most perfect moulds of graceful beauty," or from his closing the bloody annals of the Gueray Khans of the Tauric Khersonese with the simple tale of their last representative, Katti Gueray Krim Gueray Khan, turned Christian, and now a simple Russian officer, "who I have seen riding quietly down the street at Warsaw, followed by a single orderly." With the same in-difference or inability to mind his pronouns, Mr. Creagh finds it sometimes extremely exhilarating to say good-bye to a man "who you hope never to see again." He is not indeed ashamed of avowing as his philosophy of travel a certain cool egotism or enlightened self-interest, to which the making or the dropping of friends becomes a matter of pure and untrifled calculation:—

The greater the want, the greater the friendship; and, according to Helvetius, to love only means to want, and nothing more, although people allow themselves to be deceived by conventional expressions, and really fancy that they love others for other people's sakes; whereas, if they look closely, and examine carefully their inmost feelings, they will find that they are deceiving themselves, and the truth is not in them, as to love what is good for the sake of the good is as impossible as to love what is bad for the sake of the evil. Our likes and dislikes, our loves and our aversions, have reference only to ourselves; and to say that these strange sensations ever act outside or apart from our own selfishness is as absurd as the common error of a man at Gravesend supposing he heard the guns at Woolwich, whereas he heard them only at the drum of his ear, and certainly, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, nowhere else; and, by the reasoning of the same philosopher, an unhappy widow mourning the loss of her only child is purely actuated by selfishness, as she is crying for her own loss, and not for the child. In order to get rid of their *ennui* two isolated travellers will often, when going in the same direction, become mutually dependent upon one another, and each of them will feel lonely at the time of separation unless the void is filled up by a more suitable friend; and yet, had they only known each other in London instead of in the desert, they would have perhaps hated one another most cordially, in consequence of the different wants of the same people in different situations and at different times. But if these two men should meet again in Pall Mall, and the joy of the one should be repressed by the coldness of the other, he should not fly into a rage, or curse at the ingratitude of human nature, but act according to the very sensible advice of Mr. Helvetius, and go away exclaiming, with the most philosophical equanimity of temper, "Alas! my friend has no longer the same wants."

Little change was visible in the aspect of the city of Sebastopol since our author left it eleven years before, "a heap of blood-stained ruins." Fort Constantine looked exactly as it did when the French and English men-of-war lay outside the harbour, but it seemed strangely out of place among the surviving ruins, though to some extent kept in countenance by the other large white stone fort on the north side of the harbour, still standing intact. Of the once formidable Redan and Malakoff nothing remained but two mounds or hills of brown earth overlooking the town from behind the ruined houses. The ramparts were hardly to be recognized, the ditch had been filled in, and only enough endured of the lines of fortification to remind the traveller of the ancient forts still traceable in England. Still every trench of the attack could be fairly made out. The parallels, cuttings, and batteries of the Allies had hardly been touched, and a man who knew the country during the siege would never be at a loss, we are assured,

* *A Scamp to Sebastopol and Jerusalem in 1867.* By James Creagh. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.

to find out any particular zigzag, trench, or battery, whether English, French, or Russian. But it is the least important works which are in general the best preserved; the larger bastions and defences having been demolished according to treaty. To rub out all traces of the siege on this barren, rocky, and uncultivated ground, to fill every trench, and knock down every parapet or rampart, would employ for a year at least, our author calculates, the labours of all three armies who were engaged in their construction. The English cemetery, at some distance along the Worontzof road, showed at the time of our author's visit no signs of the ill-treatment or decay of which we have more recently heard, being then in good repair, protected by a substantial wall and an iron gate. That the burial-places of our dead are, barring the effects of weather, still in fairly good condition, we may hope to see confirmed by the forthcoming report of Brigadier-General Adye. Further on was still to be traced the site of the camp of the English Light Division. But so completely had the shot and shell which fell in prodigious showers all around the besieged city been gathered up, that not a single bit of iron did our traveller succeed in finding. The door of the room at the English headquarters where Lord Raglan died has his name deeply cut into the panels, as well as the names of Sir J. Simpson and Sir W. Codrington, while a small tablet in the wall inside states, both in English and Russian, that here died the Commander-in-Chief of the British army. Of Lord Raglan the Russians speak with much respect as a good general, besides having been the companion-in-arms of Wellington. But by his countrymen no other memorial of him has been left than a common slab of stone lying flat in the garden under a tree. Of Kadokol, the mushroom town which sprang up during the siege—a Babel of Jews, Greeks, Maltese, Germans, English, and French—saving the little Greek church with its green dome, and a wretched hovel or two near it, little else remains but the heaps of broken bottles which attest the conviviality of the British soldier. On the north side of the harbour a most gorgeous chapel has been built in honour of those who died in the defence of the city; and on the terrace in front of the large Government buildings which stood immediately in rear of the Redan looks down upon the scene of devastation and ruin an enormous statue of Admiral Lazero, upon whom, jointly with his brother officer, the brave Nachimof, both Russian navy and army look, even more than upon Todleben, as the true heroes of the defence. At night, the moon shining brightly upon the roofless houses, the long rows of pillars, the ghastly blanks in the bare walls where once were windows or doors, and the still streets echoing his solitary footsteps, remind the traveller of Pompeii. The beautiful valley, however, round the cemeteries taken by General Eyre's brigade on the 18th of June, 1855, is once more filled with cottages, enclosures, and gardens. The harbour of Balaklava, from which the vast store-houses and magazines have utterly disappeared, has yielded up once more to Sebastopol, now a free and open commercial port, whatever importance it may have acquired during the war.

Coasting round the Black Sea, with a short stay at Kertch, which seems to have quite recovered from the damage inflicted by our sailors during the war, the steamer bearing our author touched the Circassian shore at Novorossisk, the cold of Russia changing suddenly to the sky and climate of Southern Italy, the sharp and rugged outline of the great Caucasian glaciers rising far off in the background against the clear blue sky. The loveliest view of the entire coast range is perhaps that of Soukhum Kale from the sea. The irregular ridges of the towering Caucasus, fringed with the most variegated forest, heavy and sombre masses of pine crowning the more elevated ranges, and topped by conical peaks of eternal snow glistening in the rays of the Oriental sun, offer in their gradual ascent from the rich verdure of the botanic gardens at their base a picture of the whole cycle of the year from spring to winter. A wiry little Cossack steed brought our traveller in a few hours' canter among the wildest valleys of Circassia, where nothing could compare with the romantic scenes of nature through which the Tcherkess meanders half hidden among overhanging forests, were it not for higher charms which fairly overpower him. "Nowhere in the world will be found such ravishing beauty as God has given to the population who inhabit this isthmus which lies between the Black Sea and the Caspian." It is sad to think that nature, or a perverted bringing-up, has taught the most beautiful of these girls to look with disdain upon the handsome and martial-looking village youths, and to prefer going to Constantinople for the gold and jewelry to be lavished upon them by some rich old Turk. It will be remembered what ill-blood was caused during the Crimean War by our well-meant attempts to arrest this cherished traffic in Mingrelian and Circassian beauty. Equally in vain have been the endeavours of the Russian authorities. Far more successful have been the efforts to open up the natural resources of these richly endowed acquisitions of Russia. Our author's hasty notes give but a bare idea of what has been going on at Poti, the destined Liverpool of the Black Sea. At the time of his visit much must have existed to bespeak to an observant eye the immense development which has been given to military and commercial intercommunication towards the Caspian, and ultimately towards the Sea of Aral. Already steamers were plying up and down the river a distance of forty miles from its mouth, from which point the traveller could proceed by Russian postcart to Tiflis, the head-quarters of the Russian Commander-in-Chief. The railway was at the time, we are told, only talked of. Albeit his book ends with the date August 20, 1870, he wholly ignores the progress which had been made in the interim. Within the

last two months the line has been opened for traffic as far as Tiflis, on the way to Baku, on the Caspian. The slightest amount of literary care would have enabled Mr. Creagh to bring down his narrative to a point somewhat nearer the existing state of things, or at least to supplement by way of a note statements so utterly behind the time. Instead of this, he seems to have kept his diary idly by him. Here and there, it is only fair to allow, he shows himself in advance of what is generally known; as when he speaks without hesitation, in the tone of ordinary tourist talk, of Joppa as an antediluvian town, "because it was here that Noah built the ark." Since he is very glib in quoting Scripture and the chronicles of the Crusades, we regret that he should have withheld his authority for this interesting piece of information. It is hardly worth a scamper as far as the Holy Land only to bring back a handful of dragoman's tales. Nor is much critical insight to be looked for in a writer who can retail without comment or demur the Moslem tradition that the Temple of Jerusalem had been sanctified by the presence of "Abraham, Christ, and Mohammed." He simply "asked no questions" when he was shown in the sepulchre of the Virgin a large painting of the Saviour attending his mother on her deathbed; though it must be said for him that when, between the Holy Sepulchre and Mount Calvary, he was gravely shown a monument over Adam's head, "the cord of his credulity, which had been stretched to its full extent, fairly broke." In illustration of the different impressions which the same scenes or places produce upon people of different tastes and temperaments, he mentions his having been somewhat scandalized by an Irish farmer with whom he dined at Jerusalem, and who had just arrived from Damascus, who could do nothing but run up in his mind the value by acre of the holy lands he had been travelling through. We fail to see that Mr. Creagh's own appreciation of holy or historical sites, events, and associations is much more critical or keen. What struck him with the greatest surprise was to find Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre "quite close together," inasmuch that one building covers them both. In overlooking the text which expressly tells us that "in the place where He was crucified there was a garden," in which was formed the sepulchre, he seems but to take part with certain speculative archaeologists who, in despite of Scripture and reason, fix upon a site for the tomb not a stone's throw at furthest from the Holy of Holies, if not identifying it with the innermost sanctuary itself. It is clearly not as an antiquary, an historical critic, or a scientific explorer, that our author set out upon his scamper. The qualifications he really possesses are those of good animal spirits, the power of making himself at home everywhere, and a faculty of enjoyment which makes itself felt by the reader of his narrative. We can fancy him a pleasant companion in travel. With careful culture, and with the patience and heed to literary finish which every writer ought to bring to his task, we might imagine him producing a book of travels both interesting and instructive.

POPULAR TALES AND EPIC POETRY.*

THE connexion between what the Brothers Grimm call "Kinder- und Haus-Märchen" and the religion of a remote antiquity has, we need not say, long been a subject of deep investigation among a large class of scholars; but it is not often that so much about it is said so pleasantly and in so small a compass as in a lecture which Dr. Theodor von Bernhardi delivered to a literary Society assembled somewhere in the kingdom of Saxony, and which is now printed for the benefit of a larger public. Dr. Bernhardi teaches by example rather than by the statement of a theory, and, beginning with what we should call "nursery tales," as distinguished from the "Sagen" or traditions associated with some particular place, he shows by striking instances how these may be traced to the old Teutonic mythology, how they may be varied, in progress of time assuming something of an historical aspect, and how, by a combination of harmonious materials, a native epic may be ultimately produced as the result of an almost natural process. Thus he could call the attention of his hearers not only to the origin of the folklore, but to the variations to which it is subject. Researches into the records of the Aryans in their pristine home are beyond the scope of his lecture. Of all Aryans the Teutons are in his eyes the most genuine; and it is enough for his purpose to begin with these, and study their development as Europeans, without straying further back than the beliefs introduced into the Eddas or the scanty information we possess respecting the inhabitants of the old German forests.

It is his leading principle that the truly popular tale is more or less fragmentary in its nature, and points without explanation to something that lies beyond its limits. The individual poet who with perfect consciousness produces a work treating of imaginary beings in which he does not believe is free to follow the guidance of his own fancy, and is only bound by those laws of art which demand that his production shall be rounded off and be consistent with himself. But with such a work the popular tale has nothing in common. Far from being the result of a playful fancy, it seems to arise on fixed conditions; and, far from being rounded off, it seems to assume a certain amount of previous knowledge in the minds of those who receive it. To elucidate our meaning, and also to show the method in which Dr. Bernhardi deals with folklore, we shall describe his very full explanation of the "Goose Girl" (*Die Gänsemagd*), a

* *Volksmärchen und epische Dichtung. Ein Vortrag von Theodor von Bernhardi. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1871.*

tale to be found in Grimm's collection. In this tale, it may be remembered by some of our readers, the chief personage is the daughter of a widowed queen, who sends her to her intended husband with abundance of treasure, and also with a white kerchief which she has stained with three drops of blood from her own finger, with earnest injunctions that this must be preserved with the greatest care. The princess sets off cheerfully enough on her horse Falada, but on the way she lets the talisman drop into a brook while stooping to drink, and thus falls into the power of her wicked female attendant, who assumes her character and usurps her seat on the horse, having bound her by an oath not to reveal the truth. When the journey is over the servant is married to the prince, whom she persuades to kill Falada, fearing that the faithful steed will betray her. To the real princess is assigned the humble office of tending geese, in company with a boorish lad named Kurt; but she has prevailed on the man who killed Falada to cut off the head of the animal and nail it up in a gateway, through which she is obliged to pass every morning. On her way through this gateway she converses with the head, and while she is sitting in the meadow where the geese are feeding, she combs out and newly plaits her hair, which shines in the sun like gold. Kurt would fain possess himself of a glittering lock, but the princess appeals in rhyme to the wind, which at once blows off his hat, and he does not recover it till the princess's hair is perfectly arranged. This incident is repeated every day, till at last Kurt in his perplexity declares to the king (the prince's father) that he will no longer have for his companion a girl who makes the wind blow off his hat and holds converse with a horse's head. On the following day the king watches the proceedings, and asks the Goose-girl for an explanation, but is answered that she is bound to secrecy by an oath. He, however, persuades her that she may without being guilty of perjury tell her secret to the oven, and places himself where he can overhear her. The truth is thus discovered, the guilty servant is dragged to death by two horses, and the prince and princess are duly united.

To a child, and to those who skim over it in a childish spirit, this story flows on smoothly enough, but in the eyes of Dr. Bernhardt it bristles with difficulties. There is not so much as a mention of supernatural agency, and yet we are required to believe as a matter of course that an elderly lady by scratching her finger and letting three drops of blood fall upon a handkerchief can produce a talisman, that the winds are obedient to a young girl, and that the head of a dead horse can hold rational discourse. Why are we to assume that all this is possible even for the purpose of being amused with a short fiction? Dr. Bernhardt's answer is, that with the people to whom the story was originally addressed no assumption was required, inasmuch as the whole narrative perfectly harmonized with their convictions, and to prove the truth of his assertion he scarcely needs any authority but that of Tacitus. Among the ancient Germans women enjoyed a reverence unknown in the South; all were surgeons in their way, but doubtless those of the highest class were acquainted with some secrets of medicine, and in old days medical science was easily confounded with magic. That a queen should make a talisman is therefore credible in the highest degree. The golden hair of the Goose-girl shows that she is of pure German extraction, and is therefore not to be confounded with the Celts, Slavs, or Latins who may have fallen into her father's hands as prisoners of war. As for Falada with the talkative head, it is known to everybody that horses were habitually sacrificed to Woden; it is less generally known that the head of the animal was not destroyed, but employed for magical purposes. The head of a horse fixed on a pole was a talisman at once defensive and offensive, protecting those who set it up, and repelling the foe towards whom its mouth was pointed. It was no doubt a contrivance of this sort that met the eyes of the Romans, when, under Germanicus, they came to the site of the disaster of Varus, and, according to Tacitus, saw, among other dismal objects, "æquorum artus simul truncis arborum antefixa ora." The Germans had sacrificed the horses they had captured to the Gods, and placed the heads so as to oppose any possible enemy. If we may trust Dr. Bernhardt, the gable of every farmhouse in Westphalia and the Old Mark is still adorned with two horses' heads carved in wood, which are monuments of the ancient usage, although their meaning is unknown to the modern peasant.

What abundant illustration of old German life is here worked out of a nursery tale! Even the oven to which the princess tells her secret is not to be passed over; no doubt it was originally a hearth situated between the homestead and the stables, on which burned the fire that must never be extinguished, but was addressed as a living being in communication with the Gods; and "Ogn," the old Swedish for "oven," points to the Sanskrit "Agni." Here, Dr. Bernhardt thinks, we have an instructive instance of the manner in which ancient stories are affected by changes in the manners of the people. The main substance of the tale is preserved intact, but details are modified to suit more recent listeners, or popularity would be lost. Under such circumstances hearths may readily be transformed into ovens.

The transformation of the purely mythical into the seemingly historical is forcibly illustrated by the familiar instance of the Tell story. This is traced from the elder Edda, where the contest is between two kings of a very undefined country, to Saxo-Græmaticus, with whom something like a show of historical precision begins—the tyrant now being the Danish king Harald Gormsohn, who was killed in 992 by Toko, an archer whose recorded fortunes are precisely those afterwards assigned to William Tell. The fact is singular that about the time when the story

found its way into the Swiss annals it also made its appearance, with precisely the same moral purport, in the records of the notable contest between the Kings of Denmark and the Dittmarsch peasants. So late as 1472 King Christian orders the patriot Hemming Wulfen to shoot the apple from his son's head. To many of our readers this history of the Tell legend will be familiar; but Dr. Bernhardt's remark as to the moral change which it has undergone is worth attention. In the Edda the contest between the oppressor and the oppressed does not appear; we have merely a conflict between two rival powers, in which the most skilful party is victor; but when the insurgents of Switzerland and Denmark appropriate to themselves the substance of the story with scarcely a modification, they place good marksmanship on the side of liberty and right, and thus secure a new interest.

The growth of national epics is illustrated by the cases of the "Nibelungenlied," and more particularly of "Lohengrin," the variations of the latter being at once concisely and circumstantially shown. Dr. Bernhardt begins with the poem "Lohengrin," written in the Low-German dialect by an unknown poet of the thirteenth century, who is supposed to have taken the "Parzival" of Wolfram of Eschenbach for his model. Everybody knows of course that Percival is one of the leading figures in the Arthurian Cycle, intimately associated with all that belongs to the quest of the Holy Grail, the precious vessel of which he ultimately becomes the keeper on a fabulous mountain called Monsalvat, where it is guarded by an order of knights devoted especially to its service. With the theory that Percival and the Grail are Christian formations of the heathen Peredur and his basin we have here nothing to do. It is enough to state that in the Low-German poem we find that the keeper of the sacred treasure has a son named Lohengrin, who, under remarkable circumstances, makes his appearance at Antwerp. Godfrey, Duke of Brabant, has recently died, leaving his daughter Elsam his only heiress. The hand of Elsam and the Duchy are claimed by Frederic of Telramund, a warrior in the late Duke's service, on the ground that he thus seeks to carry out the intentions of her father. The lady opposes the claim, and the case is referred to the Emperor, who orders that it shall be decided by a judicial combat at Maintz. A difficulty rises. Frederic is ready to defend his own cause, but so much is he feared that Elsam cannot find a champion. At the last moment, however, a boat appears in the Scheldt, drawn by a swan attached to it by a chain of gold, and bearing an unknown knight, the required champion, who afterwards proves victorious in the contest at Maintz and becomes the husband of Elsam. The stranger has imposed it as a condition on his wife that, on pain of future unhappiness, she shall never inquire into his origin; and though she has promised to comply with this condition, there are of course evil counsellors, who after the lapse of some years induce her to break her word. His wife having thus transgressed, the knight, in the presence of a public assembly, declares that he is Lohengrin, son of King Percival and a champion of the Grail, summoned to assist Elsam by a bell which sounded at Monsalvat, and that now that his secret is revealed he is bound to leave his wife and his two children. Having bestowed upon them his sword, his horse, and his mother's ring, he departs in the boat, which reappears drawn by the swan, and is never seen again.

In the story thus briefly related, which with slight modifications becomes the plot of Wagner's opera, Dr. Bernhardt finds nothing but incompleteness, and he must look elsewhere to fill up the gaps, and perhaps remove the superfluities. There is an earlier version of the tale, a poem by Martin Konrad of Würzburg, which closely resembles the other, save that it makes no mention of the Grail. The same omission occurs, it seems, in a universal history ending with the year 1264, written by the monk Vincent of Beauvais, who records the adventures of Lohengrin as historical facts. Hence we are encouraged to suspect that the Grail is an extraneous element having nothing to do with the original story; and if we once more glance at the argument of the Low-German poem in which it appears, we shall find that there is no necessity for the employment of so tremendous an agent. Lohengrin may vanquish Frederic because he is the better man of the two, and he may share with Bluebeard a dislike to female curiosity. Dr. Bernhardt betakes himself to another source, a "folk-book" in the Flemish language, apparently printed in the fifteenth century. This treats of a King Oriant who once reigned in Flanders, and who met, while hunting, with a noble damsel named Beatrix so uncommonly beautiful that he at once became enamoured of her, and took her home as his wife. His mother Matabruna, consistently with the usages recorded by folk-lore, so different from those of actual life, takes a dislike to the fair stranger, laying particular stress on the fact that no one knows her origin, which, we may add, is never revealed by the writer of the book to his readers. While the king is absent the queen gives simultaneous birth to seven children, each with a silver chain about its neck. These are handed over by Matabruna—who strongly resembles the Ogre-Mother in the "Sleeping Beauty"—to a servant, who has orders to put them to death, but prefers to leave them in the wood; and when the king returns, he is informed that his wife has given birth to a litter of cubs, and she is consequently confined in a tower. The children, who have been found and brought up by a hermit named Helias, and suckled by a wild goat, are afterwards discovered by one of Matabruna's servants, who recognizes them by the silver chains, and who, on stating his discovery, is ordered to kill them. When he returns with some accomplices to the hermit's cave, he finds six children only—the seventh, who is named Helias after the hermit, but who corresponds to the

Lohengrin of the other tales, having gone with his protector to a neighbouring village. Assassins to order are, as a rule, tender-hearted, so the servants resolve to spare the children, but to take back the chains as a proof that their work has been duly done. No sooner, however, are the ornaments removed than the children become so many swans; and in this condition Helias finds them when he returns to the hut. The chains, six in number, are brought back to Matabruna, who gives them to a goldsmith with the order that he is to melt them down and fashion them into a silver cup. When he begins his work he finds that the first chain which he has taken becomes as heavy as all the rest together, and he turns his discovery to account by making the cup of one chain only, and reserving the others for himself. In the meanwhile Beatrix, accused by false witnesses at the instance of Matabruna, has been condemned to death unless she can find a champion, and an angel summons Helias to the assistance of his mother. His only garment is of leaves, and he is armed with a club; but he subdues his adversary; Beatrix recognizes the silver chain, the whole truth is revealed, and Matabruna is put to death. The swans have followed their brethren, and five of them are restored to human shape by the chains, which are found in the possession of the goldsmith and are placed round their necks; while the sixth, the owner of the chain transformed to a cup, is obliged to remain in his feathered state, and constantly follows his brother Helias, who is therefore called the "Knight of the Swan." On one occasion the swan appears on a neighbouring river, drawing a boat, and conveys Helias to the Court of the Emperor, where he is to appear as the champion of a young Duchess of Bouillon, named Clarisse, whose inheritance has been unlawfully claimed. He is victor, marries Clarisse, but, after the fashion of Elsam, she asks the fatal question, and he departs with his swan. The concluding incident of this somewhat long story virtually contains the whole substance of "Lohengrin," setting aside the heterogeneous Grail.

The difficulties of the rest of the poem remain. Why need Lohengrin or Helias so strongly insist that his origin should remain a secret? Because Beatrix is one of the Valkyres of Northern mythology, who frequently were united with mortals, but always insisted upon secrecy, that the divine origin might not be revealed to human ears. Valkyres, too, often assume the shape of swans, and here the metamorphosis is conferred upon their offspring. In short, all things considered, "Lohengrin," far from having anything to do with Percival, is the hero of one of those stories to be met with in all parts of the world, in which whole families appear in the shape of birds, and which may be found as well in the German lore of the Brothers Grimm as in the Russian traditions collected by Mr. Ralston. In Grimm's story of the "Six Swans," one of the incidents in the story of Helias reappears with a very fanciful variation. Six youths, transformed into swans, are to recover their human shape by the application of as many shirts. One of these lacks a sleeve, and the youth to whom it belongs retains a swan's wing in lieu of his left arm.

Consistent with his veneration for the epics that grows unconsciously out of the mind of a people, like the Iliad and the "Nibelungenlied," is Dr. Bernhardt's slight esteem for those poems in which an historical theme is deliberately chosen, and then decked out with supernatural ornaments, not at all corresponding to the belief of the poet. The *Henriade* of Voltaire is with him the very perfection of badness, and he has no high respect for Tasso, or even Virgil. To be capable of a national epic a nation must retain its identity for a long series of ages, unaffected by foreign admixtures. With this condition the French and Italians do not comply. The oldest and most original of the civilized nations now living are the Germans. Thus patriotically concludes Dr. Bernhardt's lecture.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

THE Shores of Fife (Edmonston and Douglas). As a county book this work is very meritorious. It is in a high degree calculated to adorn the drawing-room tables of the nobility and gentry of Fife, and indeed of the neighbouring districts. It would be a most judicious present to make to a Scotch friend. Beyond this in praise we cannot go, as the illustrations, though some are good, yet for the most part are rather poor. The descriptive portion of the book is at times somewhat heavy. We light by chance on such a passage as the following, for instance—"its liberally endowed academy, the leading educational seminary of the district." In a few lines, this school becomes "an institution." Now "academy" we might stand, and "seminary" we might stand, though "educational seminary" is perhaps too much. But to have a large county school called in one breath an academy, an educational seminary, and an institution, is more than we can easily bear. The book, however, is not all written by the same hand, and there are portions which are fairly interesting. It is rather too big for a guide-book; otherwise, as it is evidently written by men who are at home in the scenery they describe, it might, in spite of its rather inflated tone, be useful to a tourist. It would certainly open out a country quite new to many Englishmen who think that they know Scotland well.

Historical Illustrations, by Paul Delaroche (Seeley and Co.) We have here twelve well executed autotypes of some of the chief of Paul Delaroche's historical paintings. The accompanying letter-press consists of well selected extracts from standard authors. It

is interesting to compare Delaroche's highly theatrical and sentimental picture of "The Princes in the Tower" with F. T. Hildebrandt's natural and stern treatment of the same subject, as shown in Mr. W. B. Scott's work on German art.

The Christmas Number of the *Monthly Packet*, edited by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" (Mozley). If all the stories in this Christmas Number are equal to Madame de Witt's "Along on the Norman Coast in 1870," some very good reading is provided for the young people. Madame de Witt shows the privations that were so often undergone in the far distant provinces by families when the head was shut up in Paris. Every one who had friends in France at that time must have known that, terrible and striking as were the sufferings in Paris, very bitter, though silent, were the sufferings of the women and children who were separated from those on whose labours they had lived. Madame de Witt traces the fortunes of a family of children who, under the care of their young aunt, had taken refuge in a Norman fishing village while their parents were besieged in Paris. We must congratulate her on her moderation, for, though she half starves them all, she resists the temptation—and yet the young aunt would have died very gracefully, and with a great deal of sentiment—of killing any of them off.

A Book of Emblems; with Interpretations Thereof, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (Bell and Daldy). This is an interesting little work. The emblems are well drawn, and the short explanations given with each are well and clearly written.

Routledge's Sunday Album for Children. This book contains 170 illustrations, not a few good, many middling, but some very bad. The letterpress is very clearly printed, but, like the illustrations, is of a very varying merit. It is only too plain that many of the stories have been written to illustrate old pictures, instead of the pictures being drawn to illustrate the stories. The book opens with the feeblest Scripture alphabet we have ever seen. We should be glad to know what authority the author has for making Zaccheus a gaoler, as he does in the following verse:—

Zaccheus, a jailer, climbed on a tree,
The passing by of the Lord to see.

The Playfellow, by Harriet Martineau (Routledge). We are glad to see a cheap reprint of this admirable series. Like *Robinson Crusoe*, these four stories, "The Settlers at Home," "The Peasant and the Prince," "Feats on the Fiord," and the "Crofton Boys," can be read with delight in childhood, and with scarcely less pleasure in manhood. Our experience in tales for the young is by no means small, but we have no hesitation in placing Miss Martineau at the head of all such storytellers whom this century has seen. Miss Martineau has all Miss Edgeworth's good sense, but she has other sources of inspiration besides Benjamin Franklin's prudential philosophy. She is not inferior in humour to Miss Edgeworth, and she adds to her humour a pathos and a fancy which we look for in vain in the *Parent's Assistant*, excellent in its way though much of it is. We can only regret that Miss Martineau in her other tales did not stick to simple storytelling. We could have easily spared the political economy which they were meant to carry with them, but we cannot so easily spare the loss of a second series like *The Playfellow*. We hope that all young people who have not read these four stories will lay aside all their Annuals and Boys' Adventures, and read them first. If they do not like them, they may feel sure that it is their own fault, and that their taste is corrupted by what is called "sensational" writing. They would, by the way, do well before they began to read if they were to take a pair of scissors and cut out the foolish illustrations which are supposed to adorn the work. They may feel certain that Oliver of "The Settlers at Home" was not the silly, sentimental fellow that the artist imagines him to be.

The Round Robin, edited by Old Merry (Warne and Co.) Old Merry's Annual has come out "under a new name, with many new contributors, and in a new form," and the editor "trusts that it will be the nucleus of fresh success." Without pretending to understand altogether what he means, we are ready to allow that in its new form it is altogether free from the worst of its old faults. We find none of that art of puffery which it had carried to a great height. It contains a good number of fairly interesting stories, which would be all the better, however, if they were written in simpler language. One of the writers sets an example which all might well follow. Having treated himself and his subject with proper dignity by saying that "prolonged immersion is exceedingly debilitating," he without a break adds, "weakness rather than strength results from remaining too long in the water." We must not fail to notice a woodcut of a fire. A boy is coming down a ladder with a birdcage in his hand in the most gentlemanly manner, quite regardless of a vast whirl of flames which are spoiling a carefully drawn pair of trousers. Three spectators are so lost in admiration at his daring that they are waving their hats, utterly unaware that they are themselves up to their necks in fire.

Ribbon Stories, by Lady Barker (Macmillan). Lady Barker must now be an old favourite with the young folk, and any tale of hers is sure of a hearty welcome. The present story is interesting in its way, though it is scarcely in keeping with the age of the supposed storyteller, a little girl of eight or nine. In one part of her story she says, "I never see such dear, sweet, clever little girls as I read about." We never see them either, we too may say, and we do not know that we much care to see them.

The Leisure Hour (Religious Tract Society). The illustrations

of this publication are on the whole good, though we notice with regret that it is following in the lead of the chief illustrated papers, and giving occasionally a picture which aims at being humorous, but only succeeds in being vulgar. The proprietors would have done well if they had left out such a foolish picture as "Sold Again." There is of course nothing in the least improper in it. It does nothing more than tend to vulgarize the mind, but as it is neither indecent nor profane, it may fairly be allowed to pass as comic.

The Sunday at Home (Religious Tract Society). The illustrations in this book are, on the whole, better than those in *The Leisure Hour*, and are, if at times weak, yet quite blameless. While the letterpress is often interesting, we venture to doubt whether Scripture enigmas tend towards edifying. It is rash to question the judgment of the Religious Tract Society, but still such an enigma as the following might have been judiciously omitted:—

What word will give the Sacred Three,
Their unity in Trinity?

We learn with interest, in a short account given of Christ Church, that the Prince of Wales was not only a student there, but also "a diligent and exemplary student."

The Children's Picture Fable Book. With sixty illustrations by Harrison Weir (Routledge). The print of this book is large and clear, and Mr. H. Weir's illustrations are, as usual, spirited and good. We doubt, however, whether it is not a republication. It would be well if the date were not so often left out on the title-page of Christmas books. We may say the same of *The Coloured Album for Children* (Routledge), many of the illustrations of which, except perhaps so far as their gaudy colouring is concerned, are certainly not new to us.

Life in the Primeval World, founded on Meunier's *Les Animaux d'autrefois*, by W. H. Davenport Adams (Nelson and Sons). This work appears to be written with care, and is fairly interesting. We are scarcely prepared to allow, however, that, "to be ignorant of the paleontology of our own island is not less disgraceful than to be ignorant of its history." If there are any who feel their ignorance, and are conscious of their disgrace, they will do well if they begin their studies of the subject with Mr. Adams's manual. On any one, by the way, but a paleontologist a curious effect is produced who chances to open the book at the place where the right-hand page is adorned with a picture of Cuvier and the left with the picture of a Dinornis.

The Runaway: a Story for the Young, by the author of *Mrs. Jerningham's Journal* (Macmillan and Co.). This is one of the best, if not indeed the very best, of all the stories that have come before us this Christmas. The heroines are both charming, and, unlike heroines, they are as full of fun as of charms. It is an admirable book to read aloud to the young folk when they are all gathered round the Christmas fire, and nurses and other apparitions are still far away.

Theseus: a Greek Fairy Legend. Illustrated by Ion Moys-Smith (Hotten). We do not see what is gained by calling the story of Theseus a fairy legend. We shall next have, we suppose, a collection of fairy stories comprising the Odyssey, Jack and the Bean Stalk, and Puss in Boots. The illustrations are singularly wanting in power and grace. We think that Mr. Smith would have done well to have given all his figures decent clothing or none at all. Why should King Ægeus, as he sits in deep despair, holding his head in his hand as if he were racked with the toothache, be fully clad, while the ladies of his court, in equal despair, have scarce a rag to cover themselves.

P's and Q's; or, the Question of Putting Upon, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan). Miss Yonge's story would in our opinion be a much better one if it did not turn on such a question as that of early communion. The clergyman who had prepared the two heroines for confirmation "had told them, whenever they could, to go to the holy communion early." Their father, however, finding that he no longer got his Sunday breakfast in time, forbade them to go "running about to strange churches." As he was only a partner in a country bank, his conduct perhaps may meet with some indulgence. Poor though this part of the story is, there is a good deal in it that is interesting enough. The boy of the family is very well drawn, as might indeed have been expected, for Miss Yonge has long shown that she has thoroughly studied boys.

The Twins of St. Marcel, by Mrs. A. S. Orr (Nimmo). This is an interesting story enough, though it is somewhat spoilt by an affectation in the style, and by an excess of Evangelicism. Mrs. Orr gives an account of a French family and their sufferings during the war, and so writes that young people are sure to read her story with pleasure. In her anxiety to make the tone of her book French, she at times makes the mistake of forming her sentences in such a way as to suggest that they are, if for the most part English, yet in some degree French. She might have been contented with her plentiful interlarding of French words, and, when she was writing English, have let it be English. These French words come indeed rather too frequently. We do not know what is gained by avoiding, for instance, the use of the word "breakfast."

Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Illustrious Men and Women of Modern Times, by the Editor of the "New London Jest-Book" (Reeves and Turner). The title of this work is scarcely accurate. Of many of the illustrious men and women we are told nothing more than that they were either "a surgeon," or "a most egregious fop," or "a friend of mine," or "a man of sense," or Monsieur M.—. The anecdotes and reminiscences themselves we find for the most

part very dull. The 186th anecdote is as follows:—"Addison was twenty-one years of age before he published anything in his own language. The first performance in English which he submitted to the public was a copy of verses addressed to Dryden." We wonder how many years the editor of this work can have numbered who is astonished at a man waiting till the ripe age of twenty-one before he submits a performance in English to the public. We hope that he will allow a few years to pass over his head before he again keeps in view what he mysteriously calls "the advantage of continuing *utili dulci*."

Childhood and Youth in Holy Writ (Seeley and Co.). This work contains selections from the writings of a mixed body of divines, and photographs after an equally mixed body of artists. We have Chrysostom and Dr. Cumming, Murillo and Mr. Sant, R.A. The photographs are well executed, the letterpress is good, and the whole work, in fact, may be justly described as elegant and well suited for giving away, if not for keeping.

The Six of Spades: a Book about the Garden and the Gardener, by the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole (Blackwood). Mr. Hole is the author of *A Book about Roses*, which we had much pleasure in noticing a year or two ago. *The Six of Spades* is very amusingly written, though perhaps the liveliness is at times spoilt by an excess of jokes.

The Modern Sphinx (Griffith and Farran). This is "a Collection of Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Double Acrostics, Triple Acrostics, Anagrams, Logographs, Metagrams, Square Words, Verbal Puzzles, Conundrums, &c." We might add that it is a collection also of the most wonderful historical and linguistic facts. "The word riddle," we are told, "comes from the Saxon *ræthan*, to guess; or from the Belgic *rædla*, and corresponds with the *scripas* or *scrupas* of the Latins—a question or problem expressed in obscure terms." Further on we learn that "the word enigma comes from the Latin *enigma*, through the Greek *ainisesthai*, to hint a thing darkly, and *ainos*, an obscure speech." The author of this book must surely have utterly bewildered himself among his riddles before he could have made "*ainisesthai*" and "*ainos*" the path through which *enigma* has come into English. This is indeed "*a scripas* or *scrupas*." We are told also that "the old laws of the Latins—derived probably from Egypt and the East—were known as *Ænigmata Juris*, legal enigmas." Happily the introduction is sure to be passed over by every one, and the collection of riddles is a large one.

Gallery of German Composers (Bruckmann). We have in this interesting work "a series of portraits of German composers engraved on steel, from oil paintings by Professor Carl Jäger, with biographical and critical notices by Edward F. Rimmbault, LL.D." The engravings are on a large scale, and are unusually well executed, while the accompanying notices, though brief, are to the point and full of interest. At times there is a somewhat foreign turn in the construction of the sentences, but we do not know that this is at all unpleasant. It is curious to reflect that of the twelve great composers whose lives are here given, two died blind, one deaf, and one mad. We can only hope that the publishers may find their reward for the admirable care with which this work is brought out, more especially as we notice that, if it is successful, it will be followed by "a series of portraits of the great composers of other countries."

Good Words for the Young Annual for 1872 (King and Co.). This is one of the best of the annuals, containing as it does some good stories, and some illustrations by Mr. Arthur Hughes as graceful as they are humorous. It is a pity, however, that so admirable an artist should not have better matter to illustrate. It would have been much better to give his designs without any letterpress than to have enclosed them in such foolish verses as those of "Innocents' Island."

Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume for 1872. Edited by Mrs. Alfred Gatty (Bell and Daldy). This number of *Aunt Judy's Christmas Volume* is as good as usual, and that is saying a good deal. There is, besides much interesting matter, one long story, called "From Six to Sixteen," which we venture to say all girls but very stupid ones will find interesting. Aunt Judy never tries, as is so often the case, to catch readers by stories that are in any way offensive to good taste, and therefore her volume is one of the best among the Christmas books that are written for young people.

Routledge's Christmas Annual. The whole of this Annual is given up to a story called *Hot and Cold*, by Mr. Charles H. Ross. It is a very uncomfortable tale for any time of the year, but particularly so for Christmas, when nightmares and other horrors are likely to follow of themselves in the train of plum pudding and mince pies, and scarcely require to be provided in our Annuals. Those, however, who like murders will find a plentiful supply, while the artist, by the badness and coarseness of his drawing, has taken care that the illustrations shall harmonize with the story.

Pictures, by William Mulready, R.A. (Virtue and Co.). This is, on the whole, an interesting work, not ill written, and well illustrated. We have large engravings of nine of Mulready's chief works, accompanied by full descriptions and a biographical sketch of the painter by James Dafforne. Some of the engravings have certainly appeared before, and perhaps all. Mr. Dafforne has done his part of the work well, in spite of an occasional fineness of language into which he slips. He writes, for instance, "The orbit in which they circulate is usually restricted to those who follow like or kindred pursuits." If the orbit in which this book is to circulate is only restricted to those who follow like or kindred expressions, it will have a very wide orbit indeed.

Homes, Works, and Shrines of English Artists, and Rambles in Rome, by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. (Virtue and Co.) This is a republication of some sketches on art and artists, written for the *Art Journal* by the late Mr. Fairholt. They are fairly interesting, and cleverly illustrated by wood engravings. At times, however, there is rather too much of the bookmaker's art to be seen. Though Etty was born in York, and though York undoubtedly is an "historic city," yet it was hardly necessary for a correct understanding of his life as an artist to go back to Suetonius Paulinus, and the "Britannic army of occupation." Still less necessary was it to let the world know that Theodorianus, though he died at York, was born in "Nomentum, a small city of ancient Latium." We do not so much object to Severus and Constantine Chlorus (though, by the way, it was Constantius Chlorus), for we are perhaps getting, by their time, near enough to Etty's day to make their introduction excusable.

Our recent notice of the *Imperial Shakespeare*, also published by Messrs. Virtue and Co., contained an error which we gladly take this opportunity of correcting. The edition is printed in forty parts containing forty pages each, and not 200 pages as we inadvertently stated. If, therefore, any subscribers to this handsome edition have taken alarm at the supposed magnitude of their responsibilities, we beg them to be reassured. The completed work will not exceed the moderate compass of 1,600 pages.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

MUSKAU, in Lusatia, according to *Murray's Guide*, was lately the residence of "a German Prince who wrote a coxcombical book about England." Madlle. Ludmilla Assing holds, on the contrary, that the authorship of the aforesaid book crowned the Prince "with immortal laurels." The truth seems to lie between the two. The Prince, take him all in all, could not be much more fitly described than by the appellation of coxcomb; the book, on the other hand, has enough literary merit* to be read with pleasure even now that the affected title "Letters of a Dead Man" has become actually applicable. We fancy, however, that a more durable title to renown will be derived from the secret history of this celebrated work as revealed by the indiscretion, or rather the scandalous recklessness, of Madlle. Assing. We question at least whether the records even of German divorce can produce anything *aut simile aut secundum*. Prince Pückler, one of the most extravagant men of his age, was married to a daughter of Chancellor Hardenberg, one of the most extravagant of its women. When the impossibility of making both ends meet became apparent, the princely pair, we are told, agreed to raise ways and means by a divorce. Pückler, it was arranged, was—such is the almost incredible story—to proceed to England and espouse the richest, and, we may take the liberty of adding, the silliest Englishwoman he could find, discharging his debts with a portion of her fortune, and devoting or being supposed to devote (the point being trusted to his honour) the remainder to the weal of his discarded but still adored Princess. The transaction seems to have presented itself to their minds in the light of one of singular magnanimity:—

Lucy felt that she was sacrificing herself for Pückler's sake, and Pückler that he was sacrificing himself for Lucy's, undergoing the inconvenience of a disagreeable and fatiguing course of fortune-hunting for the advantage of her purse as well as his own. And as in his childhood he had been accustomed to pray that it might be vouchsafed to him to win at cards, even so now did he offer up orisons that he might obtain a rich heiress, for his own good, and that of his beloved Lucy!

The strangest part of the whole affair is that this incontrovertibly real live Prince did not get an English wife or any second wife at all, although he dyed his hair and bought a new hat, and within eight months after his arrival in England had paid one thousand four hundred morning calls, arrayed in the full glory of "a green cravat, a yellow cassimere waistcoat with metal buttons, an olive-coloured frock-coat, and iron grey pantaloons." English gentlemen regarded him as a fortune-hunter; English ladies, with less reason, as a Blue Beard; and neither could comprehend how he could have got legally separated from Madame la Princesse without an action for *crim. con.* So far from this, he was sending her a most affectionate correspondence, with ample details of his honest endeavours to find her a successor, and minute descriptions of his most killing toilets. "I enclose," he says, "a pattern of the waistcoat." From these particulars it will probably be inferred that the book in which they are chronicled is, designedly or otherwise, a withering exposure of the heartlessness, frivolity, and general worthlessness of Continental fashionable society; and such is the case, this being but one out of a number of equally edifying histories related in its pages. It is just to add that the Prince is also an instance of how a naturally excellent disposition may be spoiled by unfavourable circumstances of birth and education. We must reserve our notice of the two volumes of correspondence accompanying this as yet incomplete memoir, except so far as to remark that Madlle. Assing's editorship, as well as her compilation of this volume, presents the usual characteristics of her publications and compilations—crudeness, carelessness, and cynicism. The most honourable incident of the Prince's life, his patronage of Leopold Schefer, is not alluded to, and Schefer's name does not occur once in the three volumes; although he lived in most

intimate relations with the Prince, and his family must be in possession of the most authentic particulars.

It is a relief to turn to the autobiography of the high-minded Grillparzer*, notwithstanding its too frequent tone of depression. Grillparzer's circumstances were never prosperous; the disappointments of his dramatic career outnumbered the successes, and he was too candid a judge of his own performances to be unconscious, not only of the disproportion of his fame to his deserts, but also of the disproportion of his achievements to his capacities. An Austrian man of genius is always at a disadvantage from the intellectual isolation of his country; Austrian genius under Metternich was worse off still; but genius and a clerkship under Metternich or his colleagues were all but incompatible. Although the narrator is by no means prone to dwell inordinately on personal grievances, much of the book is inevitably occupied with details of the almost inconceivable narrowness and stupidity of courtiers and Ministers, and of the malicious intrigues of minor officials. Partly to escape these annoyances, and partly to obtain relief from distressing circumstances of a private nature, Grillparzer undertook foreign tours of considerable length, notes of which, together with the lively reminiscences of his childhood, constitute the most generally interesting parts of the volume. The first of these excursions was made to Italy, where he saw Lord Byron at the opera, so deep in shadow that Grillparzer could distinguish nothing of him but his corpulence. At Naples he became attached to the suite of the Empress of Austria, then on her travels, and was injured for life by the indiscretion of a patron who made him pass without his knowledge for her Majesty's secretary. Several years afterwards he made the tour of Germany, where, among minor celebrities, he saw Goethe, whose apparent hauteur on ceremonious occasions he found to be really the effect of shyness, and who proved himself most amiable *en petit comité*; Tieck, whose fine public reading he found monotonous, from the absence of inflection; and Hegel, a cheerful, sociable, and obliging man, the reverse of his system. In 1836 Grillparzer visited France and England. Theatrical matters claimed the larger share of his attention in the former country, but he records his impressions of Börne, whom he highly respected, and of Heine, whom he found agreeable but untrustworthy. Heine's circumstances were at the time apparently very narrow—a fact of some significance in connexion with his acceptance of a secret pension from the French Government shortly afterwards. The diary kept in France and England, from which this portion of the autobiography was subsequently condensed, is printed here, and the part relating to this country, though containing no remarkable incidents or observations, conveys in its totality a most lively impression of the effect produced upon a foreigner on his first visit to London. He visited the House of Commons, and was greatly struck by the eloquence of O'Connell and Sheil. English comic acting impressed him favourably, but he was disappointed with Macready. On the whole, this autobiography, which terminates abruptly with the year 1836, although occasionally in a slight degree tedious and querulous, is very agreeable reading, and mainly on account of the excellent qualities of the writer—his candour and kindly feeling, his independence, modest dignity, and sober good sense. There is an entire absence of petty detraction and green-room gossip, the ordinary staples of dramatic autobiographies.

The late Professor Gfrörer's work on the early history of Venice†, published by Dr. J. B. Weiss, is open to criticism on two grounds which at least ought not to apply to the same book; it is fanciful, and it is dry. The dryness may easily be excused on account of its character as a collection of lectures not fully elaborated for the press; its apparent fancifulness may perhaps be in some measure due to the author's method of stating his conclusions, and his reliance upon the precarious faculty of historical divination. The very obscurity that invites, and to a certain extent justifies, conjecture in early Venetian history affords an excellent reason for keeping conjecture under strict restraint. Gfrörer, indeed, is not one of those historians who disparage every predecessor, and insist on an entire reconstruction of history; he expresses the highest admiration for the chief authority, the mediæval chronicler Dandolo, and is no doubt justified in considering that Dandolo's narrative requires to be supplemented by the aid of those public documents to which he may not have had access, or the importance of which it may have suited him to ignore. The main position of Gfrörer's volume is that the influence of the Byzantine Empire and Venice on each other's destiny has been much underrated, partly from the Venetian chronicles having been composed when the Empire had become inimical to Venice. Constantinople preserved Venice from subjugation by Charlemagne; Venice in turn saved Constantinople from Robert Guiscard. How this happened, seeing that the Venetians twice suffered as entire an overthrow from the Normans as the Byzantines did, we do not very clearly understand. Venice at the same time became a focus of Byzantine, or as they would now be termed Erastian, ideas in Church government; and here we have the germ of Father Sarpi and the like phenomena, so distressing to Catholic historians of Gfrörer's school. At the same time Venice owes everything to the Popes, for they somehow prevented her from becoming an hereditary despotism, and preserved her Republican independence. The long semi-vassalage of Venice to the Eastern Empire is no doubt an interesting fact; easily ex-

* Grillparzer's *stämmtliche Werke*. Bd. 10. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte Venedigs von seiner Gründung bis zum Jahre 1084*. Von A. F. Gfrörer. Graz: Verlag des Vereins Buchdrucker. London: Asher & Co.

* *Fürst Hermann von Pückler-Muskau. Eine Biographie*. Von Ludmilla Assing. Vol. 1. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. London: Asher & Co.

plained, however, by the maritime supremacy of the latter. Most of the public documents here partly translated and commented upon well deserve study, and many of the incidental notices are very curious, especially as regards the slave trade carried on by the Venetians. Another volume of the author's remains, now in the press, will contain the history of the Southern Slavonian nations during the period, and partly that of the Byzantine Empire.

The most important articles in the last number of Von Sybel's *Historical Review** relate to two epochs lying very widely apart. R. A. Lipsius, in a notice of Zeigler's recent work, sketches the age of ecclesiastical history of which Irenæus is the representative—the period so uninteresting in one point of view, so momentous in another, when the Church, feeling her original impulse exhausted, began avowedly to rely upon tradition, and apostolical succession began to be insisted upon as a proof of conformity to apostolical precedent. The other paper is a comprehensive and exceedingly candid survey of the historical literature of the recent war. The writer speaks with the highest respect of Gambetta's exertions, notwithstanding their ultimate failure. Generals Faiderbe and Vinoy are also treated with great civility, and their accounts of their respective campaigns are referred to as trustworthy sources of information. Trochu, on the other hand, fares indifferently, and Garibaldi very badly indeed.

Meyer's "German Annual"† is designed as a general record of the incidents of the year, political, literary, and scientific. It contains special surveys of each of these subjects, prepared by very competent writers, whose consciousness of speaking with authority occasionally perhaps tempts them beyond the limits of strict impartiality befitting a professed compilation of this nature. Each section is accompanied by a necrology for the year; and a few separate biographies of living persons of eminence, such as Count Andrassy among politicians, Häckel among naturalists, Hofmann among chemists, are also given. There is a copious collection of statistical tables of all sorts, including some not generally accessible, such as the lists of the members of the Reichstag, and of German University Professors, and the statistics of German Zoological Gardens.

Little is heard of the grievances of Russia's German subjects, and yet few of the standing infirmities of the European body politic are so perilous to its repose. Whenever Prince Bismarck may wish to quarrel with Russia, an unexceptionable grievance is ready to his hand; and, in a similar case, the Czar has merely to tighten the screw which already presses so intolerably upon the German inhabitants of his Baltic possessions. Meanwhile, the slowly maturing crisis is tacitly ignored by the guides of public opinion, and left to the exposition of the small but active band of patriots whose writings proceed from the press of Messrs. Duncker and Humblot. Two really valuable additions‡ have been made to the growing literature of the subject. The emissary of the Evangelical Alliance, L. von Wurtemberg, has devoted two years to an inquiry on the spot into the grievances of his co-religionists, whom, it is needless to observe, he finds whiter than the driven snow, and inspired with a profound and, under the circumstances, scarcely intelligible loyalty to the Russian Crown. This conception of the case is in some degree the reflection of the writer's professional tendencies and interests. A Lutheran pastor, regarding democracy and free-thinking with equal aversion, he is excessively indisposed to quarrel with so staunch a bulwark of Conservatism as the Muscovite autocrat, and would most gladly find the way to a mutual good understanding. This peculiar point of view imparts interest to a prolix and tedious book. The German advocate is held in check by the Russian sympathizer, and probably the only classes who have much reason to complain of unfairness at his hands are his theological enemies, the Russian Nihilists and the Raskolniks or Dissenters. His observations on Russian affairs evince much homely good sense, and are always interesting. The other work is a translation of the Russian author Samarin's work on the other side of the question, with comments exposing what the translator regards as the author's errors and wilful misstatements.

A little treatise on the Semitic race, composed by Professor Chwolson§ in not very classical German, is partly intended as a reply to M. Renan, whose general fairness he admits, but against whose sweeping generalizations he not unreasonably protests. It is difficult to avoid this error in dealing with complicated subjects, and we find Chwolson himself laying down principles which he is compelled virtually to give up. Thus, for example, the contrast he draws between the Semites and the Aryan races ought to place the former at the furthest possible distance from the Germans, with whom he nevertheless discovers much affinity. On the whole his view of the ethnical character of the Semites does not differ very materially from Renan's, only that what the latter calls narrowness and intolerance the former designates by

more complimentary titles. He insists much on the sober good sense of the Semites, their corresponding deficiency in imagination, their spirit of personal independence, and the comparative uniformity of culture among them. His observations on the impotence of the circumstances of climate to modify national character are very decided, and much too strongly expressed.

Although the worthy Dutch lie under the imputation of being the most prosaic among European nations, three-fourths of Jonckbloet's standard history of the national literature* are devoted to their poets; and these are the only Dutch writers who have succeeded in either impressing the imagination of their own countrymen, or making their own names heard beyond the limits of Holland. In truth, Dutch poetry and Dutch literature seem nearly correlative terms—a phenomenon which may perhaps be explained by the impossibility of imparting adequate polish and finish to so homely a language otherwise than by the constraint of metrical form. The lyrical productions of the last hundred years, especially those of Bilderdijk, Tollens, and Beets, prove that Dutch poetry is capable of high perfection in respect of form; the substance remains, as always, homely and realistic. The more closely Dutch poetry has confined itself to obvious ideas and subjects of ordinary human interest, the better it has in general succeeded. It counts four eras—the period of servile classical imitation at the beginning of the seventeenth century, represented by Hooft; of the distinctively national style introduced by Vondel; of the relapse into frigidity under French influence; and of the reaction represented by Bilderdijk, a man of true genius, who breathed a new spirit into Dutch literature, though he failed to impress it with the stamp of his own reactionary ideas. Both he and his great predecessor Vondel have gained their principal distinction in the department of lyrical poetry; the defects of their epic and dramatic attempts are fully exhibited by the historian, and may be referred to the single cause of deficiency in creative imagination. On the whole, Dutch poetical literature, though not brilliant in itself, is interesting and respectable from its sincerity, sanity, and fidelity to the national type, and as a conspicuous instance, especially when contrasted with the intellectual poverty of the Spanish Netherlands, of the efficacy of liberty in fostering letters. A people distinguished by accuracy and humour might have been expected to excel in comedy and the novel, but this does not appear to have been the case. The pieces of Braderoo, a contemporary of Beaumont and Fletcher, show remarkable *vis comica*, but the author's career was terminated by a premature death. Van Lennep, the most eminent Dutch novelist, is in his principal works a follower of Sir Walter Scott.

There may be no extraordinary novelty of thought in Rudolf Gottschall's last poetical production†—*Janus*—but the merit of the poem is such as to insure for the volume a position of its own. The diction is exceedingly choice, and the versification unusually varied and sonorous. The contents are wholly lyrical, but of a miscellaneous character, comprising odes, sonnets, ballads, occasional poems, and (the most distinctive feature of the book) poetical epistles of a humorous turn. These are modelled, both as regards subject and metre, after similar compositions of the last century, the revival of which is a decided acquisition to the metrical literature of the present. The most remarkable sections of the volume, in a strictly poetical point of view, are the two fine cycles of sonnets on Paris in 1868 and 1871 respectively. The book is a pattern of typographical elegance.

* W. J. A. Jonckbloet's *Geschiede der Niederländischen Literatur*. Autorisirte Deutsche Ausgabe von W. Berg. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Janus, Friedens- und Kriegsgedichte*. Von Rudolf Gottschall. Leipzig: Keil. London: Nutt.

NOTICE.

In consequence of Wednesday and Thursday next being Holidays, it is absolutely necessary that all Advertisements intended for insertion in the next Number of the SATURDAY REVIEW should be left at the Office not later than 8 P.M. on Tuesday, the 24th inst.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

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* *Historische Zeitschrift*. Herausgegeben von H. von Sybel. 1. Jahrg. xiv. Hft. 4. München: Oldenbourg. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Meyer's Deutsches Jahrbuch*. Herausgegeben von Otto Dammer. Jahrg. 1. Hildburghausen: Bibl. Institut. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Gewissensfreiheit in der Ostsee-Provinzen Russlands. Erfahrungen gesammelt während einiger Reisen*. Von L. von Wurtemberg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Livländischen Bekehrungen wie sie Herr Samarin erzählt*. Dem Russischen entnommen und erläutert von E. von Sternberg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Semitischen Völker. Versuch einer Charakteristik*. Von Dr. Chwolson. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.